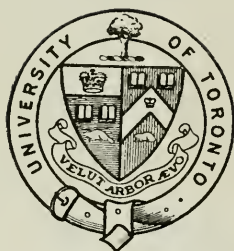


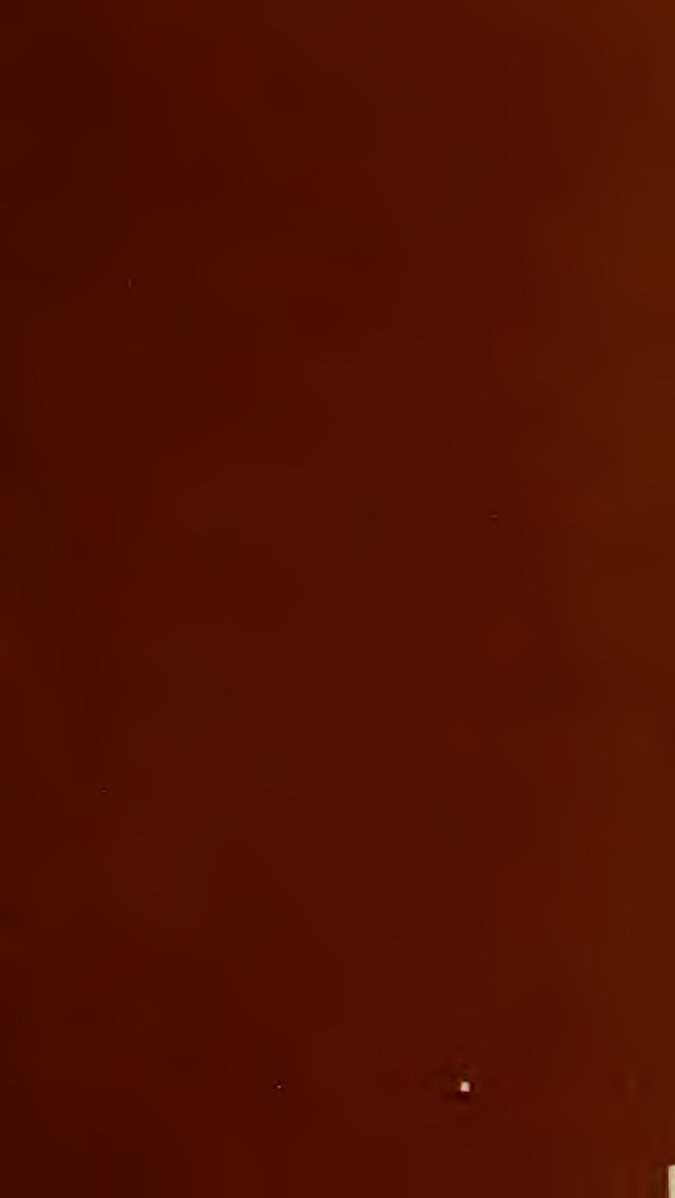
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2030



THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V.



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# TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Petruchio Katharina &c*

*Act IV Scene V*

THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH  
*ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,*  
FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY  
A. J. VALPY, A.M.,  
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

*IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.*

VOL. V.

L O N D O N :  
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1878.





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OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



HISTORICAL NOTICE  
OF  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

---

The fable of this comedy is taken from a novel, of which Boccace is the original author ; but which was immediately derived by Shakspeare from the tale of Giletta of Narbonne, in the first volume of William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, printed at London in 1566. To this novel, however, the poet was only indebted for the leading features of the more serious parts of his drama : the comic characters, and especially that of Parolles, appear to be intirely of his own formation.

A supposed allusion to the fanaticism of the puritans induced Malone to assign the date of 1606 to the composition of this play ; but the many passages of rhyme scattered throughout seem to mark it as an earlier production. In 1598 Meres refers to a play of Shakspeare, called *Love's Labor Wonne*, which very accurately applies to this, but to no other of our author's productions : we have reason therefore to conclude that it was intended as a counter-title to *Love's Labor's Lost* ; and that the present proverbial appellation was suggested in consequence of the adage itself being found in the body of the play.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable ; and some

happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowlege of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage; but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare. I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth: who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage; is accused by a woman whom he has wronged; defends himself by falshood; and is disruissed to happiness.



A R G U M E N T

---

Helena, the daughter of a celebrated physician, conceives a violent attachment to Bertram, count of Rousillon, who on the death of his father repairs to Paris, as a ward of the king of France, at this time languishing under the influence of a distemper which has been pronounced incurable. Directed by the medical knowledge she has received from her father, Helena procures an audience of the monarch, and undertakes to effect his cure, on condition of choosing for herself a husband, with reservation only of the royal family. The king is restored to health, and the lady fixes her choice on Bertram. Unable to resist, the young count reluctantly consents to the nuptials, which are no sooner performed, than he dismisses his bride to her home, and sets out for Florence, whence he sends her a letter intimating his determination of never cohabiting with her till she obtains a ring which he wears on his finger, and is pregnant by him. The receipt of this epistle induces Helena to quit the castle of Rousillon, and proceed to Italy, where she hears of her husband's attempts on the chastity of a widow's daughter, on whom she prevails to procure her admirer's ring, and is afterwards introduced in her stead to the bed of Bertram, who soon after, having received intelligence of the death of his wife, returns to France, and is reconciled to the king, who is about to consent to his union with the daughter of a favorite courtier, when he detects a ring in his possession, which he had formerly presented to Helena, who had contrived to place it on her husband's finger during his supposed assignation with his Italian mistress. Failing to give any satisfactory account of the means by which he obtained it, he is suspected of having murdered his wife, when Helena appears, satisfies her husband of the fulfilment of his requisitions, and is publicly acknowledged by the repentant Bertram.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the  
Florentine war.

STEWARD, }  
CLOWN, } servants to the countess of Rousillon.

A PAGE.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the countess.

AN OLD WIDOW of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA, }  
MARIANA, } neighbors and friends to the widow.

Lords attending on the king ; Officers, Soldiers, &c.  
French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA,  
and LAFEU, in mourning.

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew : but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,<sup>1</sup> evermore in subjection.

*La.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.



<sup>1</sup> The heirs of great fortunes were formerly the king's wards.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*La.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentiewoman had a father, (O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

*La.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*La.* He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowlege could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*La.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*La.* I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentiewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an

unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,<sup>1</sup> there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

*La.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood<sup>2</sup> from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*La.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>3</sup>

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*La.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

---

<sup>1</sup> Qualities of good breeding and erudition.

<sup>2</sup> Appearance of life.

<sup>3</sup> 'If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.'—Johnson.

Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more  
will,

That thee may furnish,<sup>1</sup> and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord,  
Advise him.

*La.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

*Ber.* The best wishes, that can be forged in your  
thoughts, [*to Helena.*] be servants to you !<sup>2</sup> Be  
comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make  
much of her.

*La.* Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the  
credit of your father. [*Exeunt Ber. and La.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all !—I think not on my  
father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more,  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?

I have forgot him : my imagination  
Carries no favor in 't, but Bertram's.

I am undone ; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one,

---

<sup>1</sup> Help thee with more and better qualifications.

<sup>2</sup> May you be mistress of your wishes.

That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table ; heart, too capable  
Of every line and trick <sup>1</sup> of his sweet favor : <sup>2</sup>  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

*Enter PAROLLES*

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
'That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Peculiarity or feature

<sup>2</sup> Countenance.

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain<sup>1</sup> of soldier in you. Let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't.

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is most

---

<sup>1</sup> Tincture.



infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date<sup>1</sup> is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly: marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

---

<sup>1</sup> A quibble on the word date, which means both age, and a candied fruit.

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——  
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—  
'The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one——

*Par.* What one, i' faith ?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

*Par.* What's pity ?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,  
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think ;<sup>1</sup> which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a PAGE.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember  
thee, I will think of thee at court.

---

<sup>1</sup> And show by realities what we now must only think.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward, when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valor and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of<sup>1</sup> a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky

---

<sup>1</sup> Comprehend.

Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull  
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
 What power is it, which mounts my love so high ;  
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?  
 The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings  
 To join like likes, and kiss like native things.<sup>1</sup>  
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those  
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,  
 What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove  
 To show her merit, that did miss her love ?  
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me ;  
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Paris. A room in the King's palace.*

*Flurish of cornets. Enter KING OF FRANCE, with letters ; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys<sup>2</sup> are by the  
 ears ;  
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
 A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it  
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us

---

<sup>1</sup> Things formed by nature for each other.

<sup>2</sup> The inhabitants of a small republic, of which Sienna is the capital.

For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approved so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes :  
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here ?

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face :  
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts  
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness  
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;

But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs<sup>1</sup> me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
His tongue obey'd his<sup>2</sup> hand: who were below **him**  
He used as creatures of another place;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them **now**  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
So in approval<sup>3</sup> lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him! He would always  
say,  
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in cars, but grafted them,

---

<sup>1</sup> Renovates.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

<sup>3</sup> Approbation.

To grow there, and to bear)—‘ Let me not live,—’  
Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out;—‘ let me not live,’ quoth he,  
‘ After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; <sup>1</sup> whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:’——This he wish’d:  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some laborers room.

2 *Lord.*

You are loved, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know ’t.—How long is ’t,  
count,

Since the physician at your father’s died?

He was much famed.

*Ber.*

Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet.—

Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out

With several applications:—nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son’s no dearer.

*Ber.*

Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Florish.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Merely inventors of new modes of dress.

## SCENE III.

*Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content,<sup>1</sup> I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clown.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clown.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the worið,<sup>2</sup> Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clown.* I do beg your good will in this case.

---

<sup>1</sup> To act up to your desires.

<sup>2</sup> To be married.



*Count.* In what case?

*Clown.* In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns<sup>1</sup> are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clown.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clown.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clown.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clown.* I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clown.* You are shallow, madam; ev'n great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He, that ears<sup>2</sup> my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and

---

<sup>1</sup> Children.

<sup>2</sup> Tills.

blood, is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one : they may joll<sup>1</sup> horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

*Clown.* A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next<sup>2</sup> way :

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find ;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ? of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her :—Helen I mean.

*Clown.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,     *[singing.*  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?  
Fond done,<sup>3</sup> done fond,  
Was this king Priam's joy.

With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then :—

- *Clash.*

<sup>2</sup> Nearest.

<sup>3</sup> Foolishly done.

Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clown.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clown.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt: it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit Clown

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and

did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears: she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,<sup>1</sup> in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you farther anon. *[Exit Stew.]*

*Enter HELENA.*

*Count.* Even so it was with me when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:

---

<sup>1</sup> Since.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :  
By our remembrances of days foregone,  
Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them  
                  none.

Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

Count.

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honorable mistress.

Count.

Nay, a mother ;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
'That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—  
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,  
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?  
Why?—that you are my daughter?

*Hel.*

That I am not

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.*

Pardon, madam ;

'The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :  
I am from humble, he from honor'd name ;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die.  
He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam: would you  
were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)  
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for, than <sup>1</sup> I do for heaven,  
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-  
in-law:

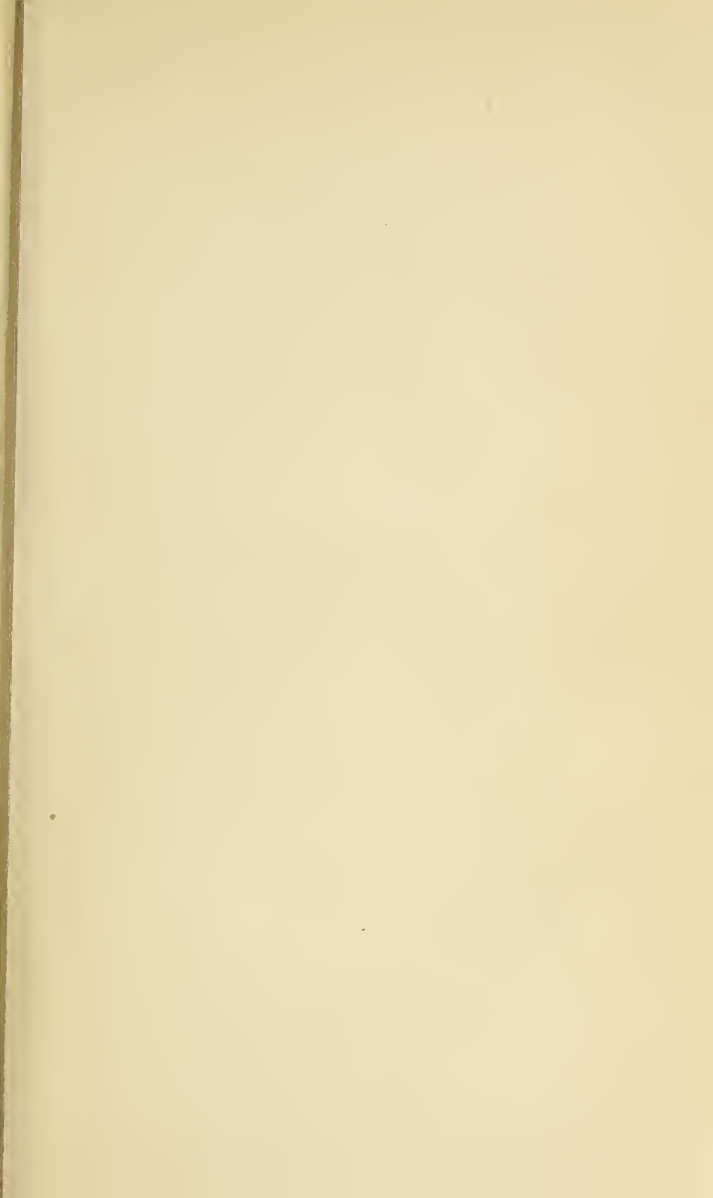
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,  
So strive <sup>2</sup> upon your pulse. What, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' head.<sup>3</sup> Now to all sense 'tis gross,  
You love my son; invention is ashamed,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion,  
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,  
That in their kind <sup>4</sup> they speak it; only sin  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?

<sup>1</sup> I wish it equally as.

<sup>2</sup> Content<sup>d</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The cause of your grief.

<sup>4</sup> According to their nature.





Wheatley del.

Starling sc.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

*Countess & Helena*

*Act I. Scene III*



If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;  
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a bond.

• Whereof the world takes note: come, come, dis-  
close

The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.<sup>1</sup>

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you.  
That before you, and next unto high Heaven.  
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,  
That he is loved of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious<sup>2</sup> and intenible sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

---

<sup>1</sup> Accused

<sup>2</sup> Deceptious.

Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honor cites <sup>1</sup> a virtuous youth,  
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and Love ; <sup>2</sup> O, then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to Paris ?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore ? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.  
You know, my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected  
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me  
In heedfullest resérvation to bestow them.  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
More than they were in note : <sup>3</sup> amongst the rest  
There is a remedy, approved, set down,  
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof

---

<sup>1</sup> Proves.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Venus.

<sup>3</sup> Receipts, in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
Haply, been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowel'd of their doctrine,<sup>1</sup> have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hel.* There's something hints,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your  
honor

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believe 't?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,  
and love,

---

<sup>1</sup> Exhausted of their skill.

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.  
Be gone to-morrow, and be sure of this ;—  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Paris. A room in the King's palace.*

*Florish. Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave  
for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and  
Attendants.*

*King.* Farewell, young lords : these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewell :—  
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,  
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return,  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes<sup>1</sup> the malady

---

<sup>1</sup> Owns,

That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy  
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy<sup>1</sup>) see, that you come  
Not to woo honor, but to wed it : when  
The bravest questant<sup>2</sup> shrinks, find what you seek,  
That Fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your  
majesty !

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;  
They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand : beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.<sup>3</sup>

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*the King retires to a couch.*]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay  
behind us !

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault ; the spark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars !

*Par.* Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil<sup>4</sup>  
with——

Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too  
early.'

---

<sup>1</sup> 'Those excepted who possess modern Italy, the remains  
of the Roman empire.'—Holt White.

<sup>2</sup> Seeker.

<sup>3</sup> Be not captives before you are soldiers.

<sup>4</sup> In a bustle.

*Par.* An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with.<sup>1</sup> By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honor in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.— You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king—— [*seeing him rise.*

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list

---

<sup>1</sup> In Shakspeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time ;<sup>1</sup> there do muster true gait,<sup>2</sup> eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure,<sup>3</sup> such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most silewy swordmen. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*La.* Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*La.* Then here's a man  
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you  
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ; and  
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*La.* Good faith, across.<sup>4</sup>  
But, my good lord, 'tis thus. Will you be cured  
Of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*La.* O, will you eat

---

<sup>1</sup> They are the foremost in the fashion.

<sup>2</sup> They have the true military step.

<sup>3</sup> Dance.

<sup>4</sup> Unskilfully : a term in chivalry.

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,  
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox  
Could reach them. I have seen a medicine,<sup>1</sup>  
That's able to breathe life into a stone,  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,<sup>2</sup>  
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,  
'To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,  
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*La.* Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one  
arrived,

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honor,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>3</sup>  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,  
(For that is her demand) and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wondering how thou took'st it.

*La.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*]

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

---

<sup>1</sup> A female physician.

<sup>2</sup> The name of a dance.

<sup>3</sup> Declaration of the purpose of her coming.



*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*La.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*La.* Nay, come your ways :

This is his majesty ; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,<sup>1</sup>

That dare leave two together : fare you well. [*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was  
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.<sup>2</sup>

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards  
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honor

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,

---

<sup>1</sup> I am like Pandarus.

<sup>2</sup> Of acknowledged excellence.

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That laboring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidable estate, —I say, we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics ; or to dis sever so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help *past* sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grate-  
ful :  
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I  
give,  
As one near death to those that wish him live :  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do, can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes. Great floods have  
flown  
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*King.* I must not hear thee : fare thee well, kind  
maid :

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :  
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent ;  
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim ;<sup>1</sup>  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space  
Honest thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

---

<sup>1</sup> 'Pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.'—Warburton.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What darest thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence ;—  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame ;—  
Traduced by odious ballads ; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth  
speak ;

His powerful sound within an organ weak :  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;<sup>1</sup>  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
That happiness and prime<sup>2</sup> can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property<sup>3</sup>  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;  
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee ;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

---

<sup>1</sup> May be accounted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

<sup>2</sup> The spring or morning of life.

<sup>3</sup> In the due performance.

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arroganee  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state ;  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observed,  
Thy will by my performance shall be served :  
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,  
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must ;  
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;  
From whence thou camest, how tended on :—but  
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd.—  
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Florish. Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rousillon.* A room in the Countess's palace.

*Enter* COUNTESS and CLOWN.

*Count.* Come on, sir : I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clown.* I will show myself highly fed. and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

*Clown.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

*Clown.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clown.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clown.* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

*Clown.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could.—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clown.* O Lord, sir; <sup>1</sup>——there's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir;—thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir;—nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir;—spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir,' is very sequent to <sup>2</sup> your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

*Clown.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my 'O Lord, sir:' I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

---

<sup>1</sup> A ridicule on that expletive, then in vogue at court.

<sup>2</sup> Properly follows.

*Clown.* O Lord, sir;—why, there 't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir, to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back :

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son :

This is not much.

*Clown.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you : you understand me ?

*Clown.* Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [ *Exeunt severally.*

### SCENE III.

*Paris.* A room in the King's palace.

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

*La.* They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern<sup>1</sup> and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowlege, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.<sup>2</sup>

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ordinary.

<sup>2</sup> Fear is here an object of fear.



*La.* To be relinquished of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*La.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*La.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*La.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 'twere, a man assured of an—

*La.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just; you say well; so would I have said.

*La.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,  
you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

*La.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly  
actor.

*Par.* That's it I would have said; the very  
same.

*La.* Why, your dolphin<sup>1</sup> is not lustier: 'fore me,  
I speak in respect——

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is  
the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most  
facinorous<sup>2</sup> spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be  
the——

*La.* Very hand of Heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*La.* In a most weak——

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great  
transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a

---

<sup>1</sup> The Dauphin.

<sup>2</sup> Wicked.

farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

*La.* Generally thankful.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

*La.* Lustick,<sup>1</sup> as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.<sup>2</sup>

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

*La.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promised gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several LORDS.*

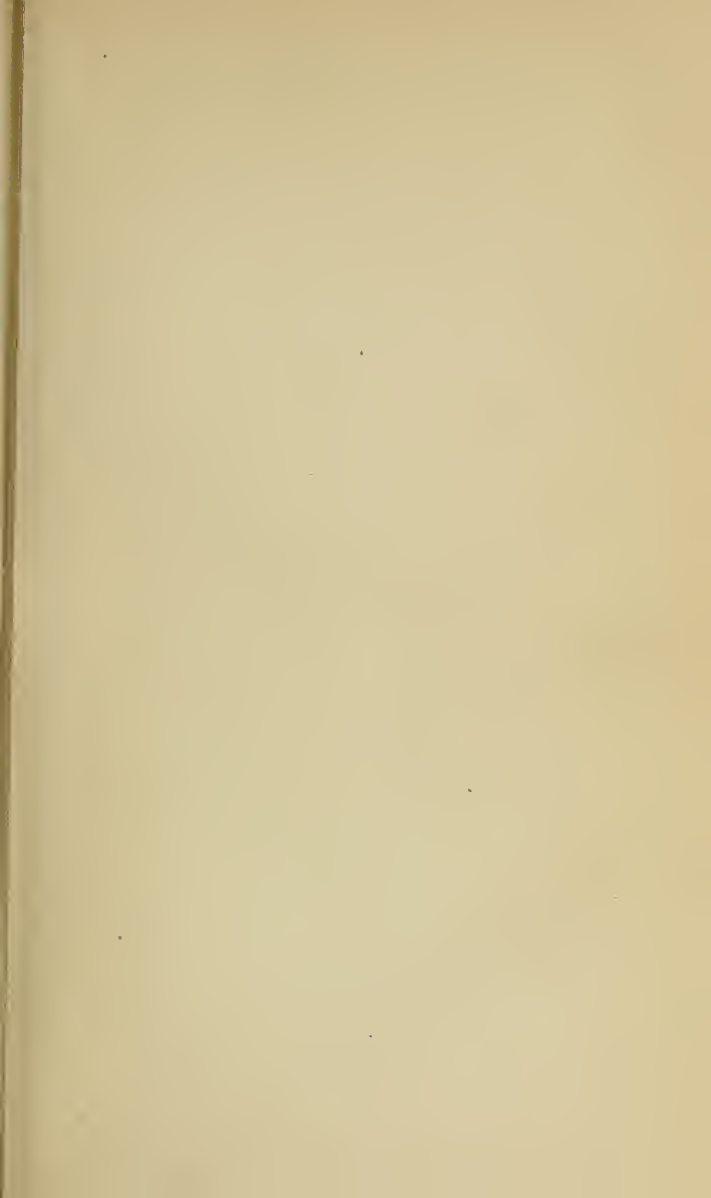
Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful  
parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use:<sup>3</sup> thy frank election make;

---

<sup>1</sup> *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.

<sup>2</sup> A sprightly dance.

<sup>3</sup> They were his wards as well as his subjects.





Wheatley & Co.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Edw. Howard, L. & Co.*

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

*La.* I'd give bay Curtal,<sup>1</sup> and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well :  
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already.  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me ;—  
' We blush, that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;  
We'll ne'er come there again.'

*King.* Make choice ; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

---

<sup>1</sup> A docked horse.

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute <sup>1</sup>

*La.* I had rather be in this choice, than throw  
ames-ace <sup>2</sup> for my life.

*Hel.* The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

*La.* Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of  
mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send  
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid [*to a Lord.*] that I your hand  
should take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :  
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*La.* These boys are boys of ice ; they'll none  
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English ;  
the French ne'er got them.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too  
good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*La.* There's one grape yet : I am sure, thy father

---

<sup>1</sup> I have no more to say to you.

<sup>2</sup> The lowest chance of the dice.

drank wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen : I have known thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say, I take you ; [*to Bertram.*]  
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why then, young Bertram, take her : she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me ?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord ;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st, she has raised me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ;  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever !

*King.* 'Tis only title<sup>1</sup> thou disdain'st in her, the  
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the want of title.

In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,  
A poor physician's daughter; thou dislikest  
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions<sup>1</sup> swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honor: good alone  
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:<sup>2</sup>  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to Nature she's immediate heir;  
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honor's born,  
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than cur fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,  
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,  
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest; virtue, and she,  
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st  
strive to choose.

---

<sup>1</sup> Titles.

<sup>2</sup> 'Good is good independent of any worldly distinction, and so is vileness vile.'—Malone.



*Hcl.* That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad ;

Let the rest go.

*King.* My honor's at the stake ; which to defeat, I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ; That dost in vile misprision<sup>1</sup> shackle up My love and her desert ; that canst not dream, We, poizing us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honor where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt : Obey our will, which travails in thy good : Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right, Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever, Into the staggers, and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate, Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit My fancy to your eyes. When I consider, What great creation, and what dole of honor, Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled, Is, as 'twere, born so.

---

: Undervaluing.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise  
A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favor of the king.  
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,<sup>1</sup>  
And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,  
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Ber. Hel. Lords, and Attendants.*]

*La.* Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*La.* Your lord and master did well to make his  
recantation.

*Par.* Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

*La.* Ay ; is it not a language, I speak ?

*Par.* A most harsh one : and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master ?

*La.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

*Par.* To any count ; to all counts ; to what is  
man.

*La.* To what is count's man ; count's master is  
of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you  
are too old.

---

<sup>1</sup> 'The ceremonial part of which shall follow close on the  
troth now briefly plighted between the parties.'—Malone.

*La.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*La.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>1</sup> to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;<sup>2</sup> and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

*La.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*La.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*La.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*La.* Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to

---

<sup>1</sup> While I sat twice with thee at dinner.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. contradicting, calling to account.

pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,<sup>1</sup> he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*La.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*La.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

*La.* Who? God?

---

<sup>1</sup> At a need.

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*La.* The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe<sup>1</sup> themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*La.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honorable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Par.* Good, very good: it is so then.—Good, very good: let it be concealed awhile.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What is the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have  
sworn,  
i will not bed her.

---

<sup>1</sup> Exercise.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:—  
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the  
import is,  
I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars,  
my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honor in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy<sup>1</sup> here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!  
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades:  
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house;  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife,  
To the dark house,<sup>2</sup> and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow.  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

---

<sup>1</sup> A cant term for a wife.

<sup>2</sup> The house made gloomy by discontent.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard:

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA and CLOWN.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

*Clown.* She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

*Clown.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clown.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You have my prayers to lead them on; and

to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

*Clown.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clown.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou 'rt a knave.

*Clown.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Clown.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well-fed.—  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with  
sweets,  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,



And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.<sup>1</sup>

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his farther pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*La.* But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*La.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*La.* Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> A specious appearance of necessity.

<sup>2</sup> The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark, but has little or no song.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowlege, and accordingly valiant.

*La.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir. [*to Ber.*

*La.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*La.* O, I know him well. Ay, sir: he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? [*aside to Parolles.*

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,—  
And, ere I do begin,—

*La.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—  
God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*La.* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; <sup>1</sup> and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

*La.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me:—There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will to deserve <sup>2</sup> at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to a foolery then in practice at city entertainments, where the jester or zany jumped into a large deep custard, set for the purpose.

<sup>2</sup> Than you have deserved or are willing to deserve in future.

For present parting ; only he desires  
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not color with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular · prepared I was not  
For such a business ; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you  
That presently you take your way for home ;  
And rather muse,<sup>1</sup> than ask, why I entreat you :  
For my respects are better than they seem ;  
And my appointments have in them a need,  
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[*giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go :  
My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wonder.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,<sup>1</sup>

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,  
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—faith,  
yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my  
lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur?—

Farewell. *[Exit Helena.]*

Go thou toward home, where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—

Away, and for our flight.

*Par* Bravely, coragio!

*[Exeunt.]*

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<sup>1</sup> Possess.

## A C T   I I I.

## SCENE I.

*Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Florish. Enter DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; TWO FRENCH LORDS, and others.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

*1 Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin  
France  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*2 Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,<sup>1</sup>  
But like a common and an outward<sup>2</sup> man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail

---

<sup>1</sup> Tell.

<sup>2</sup> One unacquainted with state secrets

As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*2 Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,<sup>1</sup>

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be ;

And all the honors, that can fly from us,  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell :  
To-morrow to the field. [*Florish. Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rousillon.* A room in the Countess's palace.

*Enter* COUNTESS and CLOWN.

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

*Clown.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you ?

*Clown.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff,<sup>2</sup> and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

---

<sup>1</sup> Our young fellows.

<sup>2</sup> The folding at the top of the boot.

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[opening a letter.]*

*Clown.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clown.* Ev'n that you have there. *[Exit.]*

*Count.* *[reads.]* 'I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come: if there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

'Your unfortunate son,

'BERTRAM.'

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favors of so good a king;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising<sup>1</sup> of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

---

<sup>1</sup> Undervaluing.



*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clown.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be killed?

*Clown.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter HELENA and TWO GENTLEMEN.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen:—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me<sup>1</sup> unto't.—Where is my son, I pray  
you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of  
Florence;

---

<sup>1</sup> Affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected.

We met him thitherward; from thence we came;  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*reads*] 'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

*1 Gen.*

Ay, madam,

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

*Count.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer:

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,<sup>1</sup>

Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence  
is he?

*2 Gen.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier?

*2 Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honor

That good convenience claims.

*Count.*

Return you thither?

---

<sup>1</sup> If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself.

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel.* [*reads.*] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, Which his heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honor that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,

In that, and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.<sup>1</sup>  
Will you draw near?

*[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.]*

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;  
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere,  
I met the ravin<sup>2</sup> lion when he roar'd  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries, which nature owes,<sup>3</sup>  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-  
sillon,

---

<sup>1</sup> No otherwise than as I return the same offices of civility.

<sup>2</sup> Ravenous.

<sup>3</sup> *l'usage.*

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all: I will be gone:  
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no; although  
'The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels officed all: I will be gone;  
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,  
To console thine ear. Come, night! end, day!  
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.  
[*Erit.*]

## SCENE III.

*Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*

*Florish. Enter DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM,  
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art; and  
we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth,  
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.  
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.* 'I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie :  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous fervor sanctify :  
His taken labors bid him me forgive ;

I, his despiteful Juno,<sup>1</sup> sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.  
He is too good and fair for Death and me ;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.'

*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest  
words!——

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>2</sup> so much,  
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her,

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the labors of Hercules.

<sup>2</sup> Discretion.

I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.*

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.*

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love : which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak :  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Without the walls of Florence.*

*A tucket*<sup>1</sup> *afar off. Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*Wi.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most honorable service.

*Wi.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wi.* I have told my neighbor, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions<sup>2</sup> for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:<sup>3</sup> many a

---

<sup>1</sup> A flourish of instruments.

<sup>2</sup> Temptations.

<sup>3</sup> Not what their names express.



maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you farther ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wi.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house : thither they send one another. I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

*Wi.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way ?

*Wi.* Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you !

*[a march afar off.]*

They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged ;

The rather, for,<sup>1</sup> I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Because.

*Wi.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wi.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wi.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The count Rousillon. Know you such a  
one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of  
him:

His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for<sup>1</sup> the king had married him  
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated: all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examined.<sup>2</sup>

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

---

<sup>1</sup> Because

<sup>2</sup> Questioned.

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wi.* A right good creature : wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do  
her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

*Hel.* How do you mean ?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her-  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wi.* He does, indeed ;  
And brokes<sup>1</sup> with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colors, a party of the Florentine  
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else !

*Wi.* So, now they come :—  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman ?

*Dia.* He ;  
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;  
I would, he loved his wife : if he were honester,  
He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gen-  
tleman ?

*Hel.* I like him well.

---

<sup>1</sup> Deals with panders.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that  
same knave,  
That leads him to these places : were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he ?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he  
melancholy ?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum ! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,  
he has spied us.

*Wi.* Marry, hang you !

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

*Wi.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will  
bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you :  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,  
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you farther,  
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *and the* TWO FRENCH LORDS.

1 *Lord*. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord*. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord*. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber*. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord*. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowlege, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord*. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber*. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord*. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord*. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am

---

· A paltry, cowardly fellow.

sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer<sup>1</sup> of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,<sup>2</sup> your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't; let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge

---

<sup>1</sup> Camp.

<sup>2</sup> If you do not cashier him from your favor.

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service : it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber*. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par*. It might have been recovered.

*Ber*. It might ; but it is not now.

*Par*. It is to be recovered : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.<sup>1</sup>

*Ber*. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur ; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on : I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par*. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber*. But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par*. I'll about it this evening ; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. die in the attempt.

my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know, thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership,<sup>1</sup> will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. *Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him:<sup>2</sup> you shall

<sup>1</sup> To all that soldiership can effect.

<sup>2</sup> To emboss a deer is to enclose him in a wood.



see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord*. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we ease him.<sup>1</sup> He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

: *Lord*. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

*Ber*. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord*. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit*.

*Ber*. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord*. But, you say, she's honest.

*Ber*. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,<sup>2</sup>

Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:

Will you go see her?

2 *Lord*. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt*].

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<sup>1</sup> Before we strip him naked.

<sup>2</sup> Whose scent we follow: a proverbial expression.

## SCENE VII.

*Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter HELENA and WIDOW.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you farther,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.<sup>1</sup>

*Wi.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well  
born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;  
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wi.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that, which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he woos your  
daughter,  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. by discovering myself to the count.

Resolves to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,  
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,  
Now his important <sup>1</sup> blood will naught deny  
That she 'll demand. A ring the county <sup>2</sup> wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house,  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds  
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wi.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then. It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent : after this,  
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wi.* I have yielded :  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed  
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,

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<sup>1</sup> Importunate.

<sup>2</sup> Count.

As if his life lay on 't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:  
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Without the Florentine camp.*

*Enter FIRST LORD, with FIVE or SIX SOLDIERS in ambush.*

*1 Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*1 Sol.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*1 Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

*1 Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*1 Lord.* But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

*1 Sol.* Even such as you speak to me.

*1 Lord.* He must think us some band of strange

i' the adversary's entertainment.<sup>1</sup> Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's<sup>2</sup> language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry

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<sup>1</sup> Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

<sup>2</sup> The chough is a bird resembling a jackdaw.

it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance?<sup>1</sup> Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mute,<sup>2</sup> if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*aside*.

*Par*. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*aside*.

*Par*. Or the baring<sup>3</sup> of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'Twould not do. [*aside*.

*Par*. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*aside*.

*Par*. 'Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel——

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*aside*.

*Par*. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside*.

*Par*. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*aside*.

*Par*. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*alarum within*.

---

<sup>1</sup> The proof.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. a Turkish mute.

<sup>3</sup> Shaving.

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine  
eyes. [*they seise him and blindfold him.*]

1 *Sol.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language.  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

1 *Sol.* *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—  
*Kerelybonto :—*Sir,  
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* O!

1 *Sol.* O, pray, pray, pray.—

*Manka revania dulce.*

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sol.* The general is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply, thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sol.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sol.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sol.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—  
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sol.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely  
lock'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord; Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument.  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got.



*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:<sup>1</sup>  
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn?

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the  
truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the Highest to witness.<sup>2</sup> Then, pray you,  
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,  
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? This has no holding;  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him: therefore, your oaths  
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;

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<sup>1</sup> Never to cohabit with Helena.

<sup>2</sup> 'We never swear by what is not holy; but swear by, or  
take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity.'—Heath.

At least, in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it;  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no  
power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honor 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honor's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honor on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:  
Mine house, mine honor, yea, my life be thine;  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;  
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know  
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put  
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing  
thee. [*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both Heaven  
and me!

You may so in the end.——

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,<sup>1</sup>  
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:  
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin  
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

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<sup>1</sup> Deceitful.

## SCENE III.

*The Florentine camp.*

*Enter TWO FRENCH LORDS, and TWO or THREE SOLDIERS.*

1 *Lord*. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord*. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord*. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he **fleshes** his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors: and as, in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred

ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.<sup>1</sup>

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable<sup>2</sup> in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? ' We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company<sup>3</sup> anatomised; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking with

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<sup>1</sup> Betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

<sup>2</sup> Damnably.

<sup>3</sup> Companion.

most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

How now? where's your master?

*Ser*. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next

morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

*Ber*. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber*. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module:<sup>1</sup> he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave!

*Ber*. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in

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<sup>1</sup> Model, pattern.

usurping his spurs<sup>1</sup> so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber*. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter SOLDIERS, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber*. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa*.

1 *Sol*. He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

*Par*. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sol*. *Bosko chimurcho*.

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmurco*.

1 *Sol*. You are a merciful general. Our general

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<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the degradation of a knight, by hacking off his spurs.



bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*1 Sol.* 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*1 Sol.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

*1 Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoric<sup>1</sup> of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape<sup>2</sup> of his dagger.

*2 Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

*1 Sol.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*2 Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

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<sup>1</sup> Theory.

SHAK.

<sup>2</sup> The point of the scabbard.

V.

3

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sol.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sol.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,<sup>1</sup> lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition,<sup>2</sup> and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sol.* Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in

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<sup>1</sup> Cassock, in the time of Shakspeare, signified a horseman's loose coat.

<sup>2</sup> My disposition and character.

wars; or whether ne thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

*1 Sol.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool<sup>1</sup> with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

*[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.]*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*1 Sol.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowlege, he is, and lousy.

*1 Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*1 Sol.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*1 Sol.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know: either it is

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<sup>1</sup> An idiot under the care of the sheriff.

there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sol.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sol.* 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,'—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sol.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sol.* 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:<sup>1</sup>

He ne'er pays after debts; take it before;

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<sup>1</sup> 'A match well made is half won: make your match therefore, but make it well.'—M. Mason.

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this :—  
Men are to mell with ; boys are not to kiss :  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

‘Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

‘PAROLLES.’

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army, with  
this rhyme in his forehead.

· 2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the ma-  
nifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat,  
and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sol.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we  
shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case : not that I am  
afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I  
would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me  
live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where,  
so I may live.

1 *Sol.* We'll see what may be done, so you con-  
fess freely ; therefore, once more to this captain  
Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with  
the duke, and to his valor. What is his honesty ?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ;<sup>1</sup>  
for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.<sup>2</sup> He  
professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking them,  
he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with

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<sup>1</sup> He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place,  
however holy.

<sup>2</sup> The centaur killed by Hercules.

such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

*Ber*. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sol*. What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par*. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians:—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villan'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber*. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sol*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par*. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>1</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

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<sup>1</sup> The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight-pence of our money

1 *Sol.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sol.* What's he?

*Par.* Ev'n a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sol.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sol.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>1</sup> of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? *[aside.]*

1 *Sol.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

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<sup>1</sup> To deceive the opinion.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sol.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[unmuffling him.]*

So, look about you. Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

*[Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.]*

1 *Sol.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sol.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.



Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!  
There's place, and means, for every man alive.  
I'll after them. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not  
wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,  
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be, before our welcome.

*Wi.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant, to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress  
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labor  
To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
 As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>1</sup>  
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
 When saucy<sup>2</sup> trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play  
 With what it loathes, for that which is away:  
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,  
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
 Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty<sup>3</sup>  
 Go with your impositions,<sup>4</sup> I am yours  
 Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
 But with the word,<sup>5</sup> the time will bring on summer,  
 When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:  
 Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us.  
*All's well that ends well:* still the fine's<sup>6</sup> the  
 crown:

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Mover.

<sup>2</sup> Lascivious.

<sup>3</sup> Death accompanied by honesty.

<sup>4</sup> Commands.

<sup>5</sup> Presently.

<sup>6</sup> End.

## SCENE V.

*Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.*

*La.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipped-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron<sup>1</sup> would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*La.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.<sup>2</sup>

*La.* They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

*Clown.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

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<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the fashion of using yellow starch for the bands and ruffs.

<sup>2</sup> Rue.

*La.* Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

*Clown.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*La.* Your distinction?

*Clown.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*La.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clown.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*La.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clown.* At your service.

*La.* No, no, no.

*Clown.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*La.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clown.* Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*La.* What prince is that?

*Clown.* The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

*La.* Hold thee; there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest<sup>1</sup> thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

*Clown.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of

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<sup>1</sup> Tempt.

the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*La.* Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clown.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

*La.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.<sup>1</sup>

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,<sup>2</sup> but runs where he will.

*La.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter, which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath

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<sup>1</sup> Mischievously unhappy, waggish.

<sup>2</sup> Prescribed limits.

promised me to do it : and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

*La.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*La.* Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honorable privilege.

*La.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn rare.

*La.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor : so belike is that.

*Clown.* But it is your carbonadoed face.<sup>1</sup>

*La.* Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clown.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Marseilles. A street.*

*Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;  
But, since you have made the days and nights as  
one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;——

*Enter a gentle Astringer.<sup>2</sup>*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

---

<sup>1</sup> Scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.

<sup>2</sup> A gentleman falconer.

*Gen.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gen.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gen.* What's your will ?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king,  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Gen.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir ?

*Gen.* Not, indeed :  
He hence removed last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wi.* Lord, how we lose our pains !

*Hel.* *All's well that ends well*, yet ;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

*Gen.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you, with what good speed



Our means will make us means.

*Gen.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well  
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—

Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rousillon.* *The inner court of the Countess's palace.*

*Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clown.* Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.<sup>1</sup>

*Par.* Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clown.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

---

<sup>1</sup> Stand to the leeward of me.

*Clown.* Foh, pr'ythee, stand away! A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

*[Exit Clown.]*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*La.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Whercin have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? 'There's a *quart d'ecu*<sup>1</sup> for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends: I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honor, to hear me one single word.

*La.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

---

<sup>1</sup> Worth about eight-pence of our money.

*La.* You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*La.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*La.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to; follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same. A room in the Countess's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem<sup>1</sup> Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Reckoning or estimate.

<sup>2</sup> Completely, in its full extent.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege :  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth ;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honor'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;  
'Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*La.* This I must say,——  
But first I beg my pardon :—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him  
hither :——

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition.<sup>1</sup>—Let him not ask our pardon ;  
The nature of his great offence is dead ;  
And deeper than oblivion do we bury  
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,  
So 'tis our will he should.

---

<sup>1</sup> Recollection.

*Gen.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gen.*]

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*La.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*La.* He looks well on 't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once: but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth:  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames.<sup>1</sup>  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quickest decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: at first,  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

---

<sup>1</sup> Faults repented of to the utmost.

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favor ;  
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen ;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.*

Well excused :

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great count : but love, that comes too  
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, that's good that's gone : our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :  
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear  
Heaven, bless ;

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cease !

*La.* Come on my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digested ; give a favor from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,  
The last that ere I took her leave at court,<sup>1</sup>  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine  
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—  
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitied to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave  
her

Of what should stead her most ?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*La.* I am sure, I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceived, my lord ; she never saw  
it :

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

---

<sup>1</sup> The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the  
court.

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingaged: <sup>1</sup> but when I had subscribed  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honor  
As she had made the overture, she ceased,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,<sup>2</sup>  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,<sup>3</sup>  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine  
honor;  
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman;—'twill not prove so;—  
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,

---

<sup>1</sup> In the sense of unengaged.

<sup>2</sup> The philosopher's stone.

<sup>3</sup> That you have a proper consciousness of your own actions.



And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him ;—  
We'll sift this matter farther.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*]

*Enter GENTLEMAN.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gen.* Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.

Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath, for four or five removes,<sup>1</sup> come short

To tender it herself. I undertook it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,

Is here attending : her business looks in her

With an important visage ; and she told me,

In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern

Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*reads.*] 'Upon his many protestations to  
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,

---

<sup>1</sup> Journeys or post-stages.

he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower : his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave ; and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

‘ DIANA CAPULET.’

*La.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this :<sup>1</sup> I'll none of him.

*King.* The Heavens have thought well on thee,  
Lafeu,  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :—  
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gen. and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers !

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

*Re-enter GENTLEMAN with WIDOW and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

---

<sup>1</sup> ‘ I will sell this fellow in a fair, publicly entering in the toll-book the particulars of the sale.’—Malone.

Derived from the ancient Capulet :  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wi.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring ;  
And both shall cease,<sup>1</sup> without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count : do you know these  
women ?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther ?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your  
wife ?

*Ber.* She 's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;  
You give away myself, which is known mine ;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she, which marries you, must marry me ;  
Either both, or none.

*La.* Your reputation [*to Bertram.*] comes too  
short for my daughter ; you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond<sup>2</sup> and desperate crea-  
ture,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your  
highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

---

<sup>1</sup> Decease, die.

<sup>2</sup> Foolish.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,  
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honor,  
Than in my thought it lies !

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord ;  
And was a common gamester<sup>1</sup> to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price.  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity<sup>2</sup>  
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it :  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been owed<sup>3</sup> and worn. This is his wife :  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said,  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to produce  
So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

---

<sup>1</sup> Gamester, when applied to a female, signified a prostitute.

<sup>2</sup> Value.

<sup>3</sup> Owned

*La.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted<sup>1</sup> for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;<sup>2</sup>  
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,  
'That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think, she has: certain it is, I liked her,  
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's<sup>3</sup> course  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,  
Her insult coming with her modern grace.<sup>4</sup>  
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;  
And I had that, which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient:

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home;  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

---

<sup>1</sup> Noted.

<sup>2</sup> Debauched.

<sup>3</sup> Love's.

<sup>4</sup> Her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance.

*Dia.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.  
*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was his of  
late.  
*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.  
*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.  
*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.  
*King.* You boggle shrewdly: every feather starts  
you.—  
Is this the man you speak of?  
*Dia.* Ay, my lord.  
*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge  
you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?  
*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath  
been an honorable gentleman: tricks he hath had in  
him, which gentlemen have.  
*King.* Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love  
this woman?  
*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?  
*King.* How, I pray you?  
*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a  
woman.  
*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.—  
What an equivocal companion<sup>1</sup> is this!

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*La.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know, he promised me marriage?

*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine<sup>2</sup> in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

---

<sup>1</sup> Fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Too artful.

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,  
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*La.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she  
goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first  
wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now.  
'To prison with her; and away with him.—  
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
'Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.<sup>1</sup>

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accused him all this  
while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.  
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;  
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life:  
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*pointing to Lafew.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Common woman.



*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir: [*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller, that owes<sup>1</sup> the ring, is sent for,  
And he shall surety me: but for this lord,  
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,  
I though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself, my bed he hath defiled;  
And at that time he got his wife with child.  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one  
kick;

So there's my riddle;—one, that's dead, is quick:  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter WIDOW, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist?<sup>2</sup>  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is 't real, that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord:  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both: O, pardon!

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this  
maid,  
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

---

<sup>1</sup> Owns.

<sup>2</sup> Enchanter.

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:—  
'When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child,' &c.—'This is done:  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?'

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this  
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

*La.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.  
—Good Tom Drum, [*to Parolles.*] lend me a hand-  
kerchief. So, I thank thee: wait on me home;  
I'll make sport with thee. Let thy courtesies  
alone; they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story  
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*to Diana.*

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.  
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.  
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *[Flourish.]*



AND A WELL THAT ENDS WELL  
H. G. , Dublin, 1711  
1711 V. 10, 11



*Advancing.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts :<sup>1</sup>  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Hear us without interruption, and take our parts: i. e.  
support and defend us.



**TAMING OF THE SHREW.**





## HISTORICAL NOTICE

C7

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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Nothing appears to invalidate the conclusion of Malone that this was one of Shakspeare's earlier plays, although Warburton and Farmer have disputed its authenticity. It abounds with the doggerel measure and tedious play on words, so observable in *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labor's Lost*, which our author took occasion to condemn in one of his subsequent comedies. The year 1596 is the probable date of its production, since in 1594, an old play, on which the present drama is supposed to be founded, was entered at Stationers' Hall, intitled *Taming of a Shrew*, which is attributed to the pen of George Peele or Robert Green. The plots of these two pieces are found to be essentially the same.

The story of Lucentio, and his artifice to obtain the hand of Bianca, is formed on a comedy of George Gascoigne, from the Italian of Ariosto, called *Supposes*, which was performed by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn in 1566: and the Induction is borrowed from Goulart's *Histoires Admirables de nôtre Temps*, translated from the Latin of Henterus, who relates a similar delusion, which was practised on the credulity of a poor artisan at Brussels by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy.

'Of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the two plots are

so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents. The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father perhaps produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.'

## A R G U M E N T.

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A nobleman, returning from the chase, finds an ignorant tinker, named Sly, lying on the bench of an ale-house, dead-drunk, and causes him to be conveyed home, laid on one of his richest beds, and arrayed in the most costly apparel. When the drunkard awakes, he is surrounded by attendants, who succeed in persuading him that he is a nobleman, who for many years has been laboring under mental delusion. The conviction of Sly that he is 'a lord indeed' is succeeded by the introduction of a company of players, who entertain him with the representation of a comedy, of which the following is a brief outline:—A citizen of Padua, named Baptista, the father of Katharine and Bianca, refuses to listen to the numerous admirers of the latter till after the marriage of her elder sister, whose violence of temper effectually deters all suitors; and the lovers of Bianca are compelled to resort to the expedient of procuring a husband for Katharine in the person of Petruchio. By a rough and singular method of courtship the shrew is won, and at length tamed by a perseverance in the same course of treatment. In the mean time, Lucentio, a young gentleman of Pisa, introduces himself to Bianca in the disguise of a classical tutor, and succeeds in obtaining her hand by the intervention of his servant Tranio, who assumes the name and apparel of his master in order to forward his designs. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio devises the scheme of engaging a schoolmaster to represent him. At this critical juncture the real father unexpectedly arrives, and encounters his son's servant in his master's clothes. Tranio impudently disclaims all knowledge of his master's father, who is about to be committed to jail as an impostor, when his son enters with his bride, and a reconciliation is speedily effected.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken tinker.	} Persons in the In- duction.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and	
other Servants attending on the Lord.	

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO,	} suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO,	

TRANIO,	} servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELIO,	

GRUMIO,	} servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS,	

PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the shrew,	} daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, her sister,	

WIDOW.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua: and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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## INDUCTION.

### SCENE I.

*Before an alchouse on a heath.*

*Enter HOSTESS and SLY.*

*Sly.* I'll pheese<sup>1</sup> you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y' are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*; <sup>2</sup> let the world slide. *Sessa*! <sup>3</sup>

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst? <sup>4</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier: Go by S. Jeronimy;--Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. <sup>5</sup>

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. <sup>6</sup> [Exit

---

<sup>1</sup> Beat or knock.

<sup>2</sup> Few words.

<sup>3</sup> Be quiet.

<sup>4</sup> Broke.

<sup>5</sup> This rhodomontade, and the scraps of Spanish, are taken from an old play, called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy.

<sup>6</sup> A peace officer, resembling in authority a headborough or constable.

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]

*Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with HUNSMEN and Servants.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach<sup>1</sup> Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,<sup>2</sup>  
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunts.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord:

He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all;  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunts.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,  
doth he breathe?

---

<sup>1</sup> Bitch.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. her knees are swelled with hard running.

2 *Hunts*. He breathes, my lord. Were he not  
warm'd with ale,  
'This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord*. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he  
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his  
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunts*. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot  
choose.

2 *Hunts*. It would seem strange unto him when  
he waked.

*Lord*. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless  
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:  
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And, with a low submissive reverence,  
Say,—‘What is it your honor will command?’  
Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say,—‘ Will ’t please your lordship cool your  
hands ? ’

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease.  
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic ;  
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreamt.  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do, and do it kindly,<sup>1</sup> gentle sirs :  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>2</sup>

1 *Hunts.* My lord, I warrant you, we ’ll play our  
part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him,  
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*

*Sirrah,* go see what trumpet ’tis that sounds :—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter SERVANT.*

How now ? who is it ?

*Ser.* An it please your honor,

---

<sup>1</sup> Naturally

<sup>2</sup> Moderation



Players that offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter PLAYERS.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*1 Play.* We thank your honor.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

*1 Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honor means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior,

(For yet his honor never heard a play)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*1 Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,<sup>1</sup>  
And give them friendly welcome every one :  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*to a Servant.*

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him Madam ; do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)  
He bear himself with honorable action,  
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;  
And say,—‘ What is ’t your honor will command,  
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
May show her duty, and make known her love ? ’  
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
To see her noble lord restored to health,  
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Pantry.

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst.  
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.-- --

[*Exit Servant*

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.  
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;  
And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-  
ter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

**SLY** is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a servant.

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Ser.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 *Ser.* Will't please your honor taste of these conserves ?

3 *Ser.* What raiment will your honor wear to-day ?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly ; call not me—honor,

nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught.<sup>1</sup> Here's——

1 *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

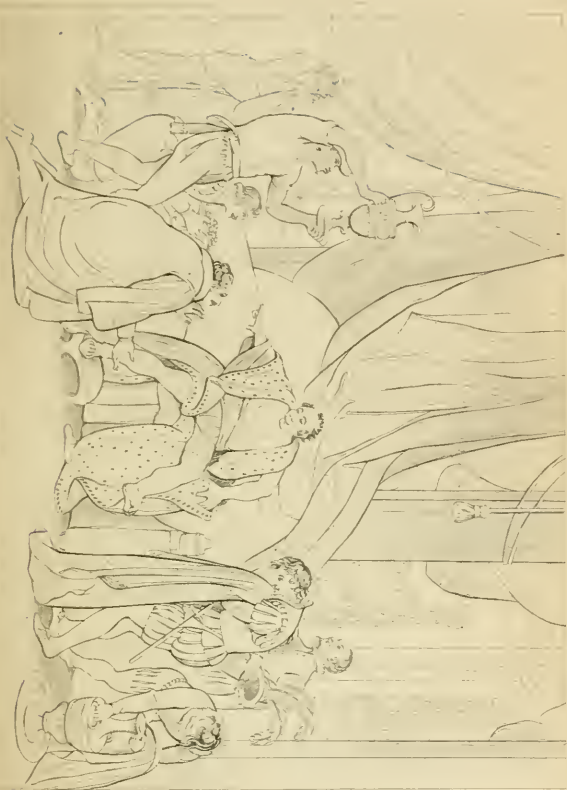
*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun  
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

---

<sup>1</sup> Distracted.





Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*music*.  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.  
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Ser.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are  
as swift  
As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Ser.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
thee straight  
Adonis, painted by a running brook;  
And Cytherea<sup>1</sup> all in sedges hid;  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We 'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;  
And how she was beguiled and surprised,

---

<sup>1</sup> Venus.

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs; that one shall swear she  
bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Ser.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for  
thee,  
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?  
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things:—  
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Ser.* Will't please your mightiness to wash  
your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restored!  
O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;  
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.



*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>1</sup>  
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd  
quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Ser.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no  
such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the PAGE, as a lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer  
enough.

Where is my wife?

---

<sup>1</sup> Faith.

<sup>2</sup> Court-leet.

*Page.* Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well:—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.——Servants, leave me and her alone.——

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charged, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams

again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet;  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood.  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a common<sup>1</sup> a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.  
[*they sit down.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> For comedy.

## A C T I.

## SCENE I.

*Padua. A public place.*

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since—for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—  
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,—  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
With his good will, and thy good company,  
Most trusty servant, well approved in all;  
Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
A course of learning, and ingenious<sup>1</sup> studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve<sup>2</sup> all hopes conceived,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;  
And, therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achieved.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ingenuous.

<sup>2</sup> Fulfil.

Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves  
A shallow plash,<sup>1</sup> to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* *Mi perdonate,*<sup>2</sup> gentle master mine :  
I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,<sup>3</sup>  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :  
Music and poesy use, to quicken you :  
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you.  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies,<sup>4</sup> Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness ;  
And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile : what company is this ?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

---

<sup>1</sup> A plash is a small lake of water.

<sup>2</sup> Pardon me.                      <sup>3</sup> Harsh rules.

<sup>4</sup> A contraction for Grant me mercy

*Enter* BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and  
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolved you know ;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
Before I have a husband for the elder :  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather. She's too rough for  
me :—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Kath.* I pray you, sir, [*to Bap.*] is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no  
mates for you,  
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Kath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;  
I wis,<sup>1</sup> it is not half way to her heart :  
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be,  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord !

*Tra.* Hush, master ! here is some good pastime  
toward :

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

---

<sup>1</sup> Think.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maids' mild behavior and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your  
fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty peat!<sup>1</sup> 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company;  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva  
speak. *[aside.]*

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I, that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved:—  
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit Bianca]*

And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pet.

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,  
Or, signior Gremio, you,—know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning<sup>1</sup> men  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing up;  
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

*Kath.* Why, and I trust, I may go too. May I  
not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,  
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts<sup>2</sup>  
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love  
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our  
nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's  
dough<sup>3</sup> on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love  
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light  
on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights,  
I will wish<sup>4</sup> him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I  
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never  
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,<sup>5</sup> it toucheth  
us both,—that we may yet again have access to our  
fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—  
to labor and effect one thing 'specially.

---

<sup>1</sup> Knowing, learned.

<sup>2</sup> Endowments.

<sup>3</sup> A proverbial expression in common use when any project  
miscarried.

<sup>4</sup> Recommend.

<sup>5</sup> Consideration.



*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition;—to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!<sup>1</sup> He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and, would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor.*]

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. may his fortune be that of a happy man: a proverbial expression.

*Tra.* [*advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible, or likely;  
But see! while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—  
That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;  
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now:  
Affection is not rated<sup>1</sup> from the heart:  
If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so;—  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly<sup>2</sup> on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face:  
Such as the daughter of Agenor<sup>3</sup> had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how  
her sister

---

<sup>1</sup> Driven out by chiding

<sup>2</sup> Longingly.

<sup>3</sup> Europa.

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move.  
And with her breath she did perfume the air :  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his  
trance.

I pray, awake, sir ; if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it  
stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home :  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he !  
But art thou not advised, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid :  
That 's your device.

*Luc.* It is : may it be done ?

*Tra.* Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ;  
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

*Luc.* *Basta* ;<sup>1</sup> content thee ; for I have it full.<sup>2</sup>  
 We have not yet been seen in any house ;  
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
 For man or master : then it follows thus :—  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house, and port,<sup>3</sup> and servants, as I should :  
 I will some other be ; some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—  
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee ; take my color'd hat and cloak :  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*they exchange habits.*]  
 In brief then, sir, sith<sup>4</sup> it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient ;  
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;  
 ' Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,  
 Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves ;  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you  
 been ?

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis enough.

<sup>2</sup> I have already planned the whole stratagem.

<sup>3</sup> Show, appearance.

<sup>4</sup> Since.

*Bion.* Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes:  
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes.  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:  
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him: would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next  
wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest  
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I  
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-  
panies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go.

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—

To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me  
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 SER. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the  
play.*

SLY. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,  
surely; comes there any more of it?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam  
lady: would't were done!*

SCENE II.

*The same. Before Hortensio's house.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for awhile I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but, of ail,  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there  
any man has rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,  
sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's  
pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock you first.

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it :

I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*he wrings Grumio by the ears*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now ? what 's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto*,

*Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise : we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges<sup>1</sup> in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out ?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Alleges.*

*Pet.* A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !—  
Spake you not these words plain,—‘ Sirrah, knock  
me here,  
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me  
soundly ? ’

And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio’s pledge :  
Why, this a heavy chance ’twixt him and you ;  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through  
the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,<sup>1</sup>  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—  
Antonio, my father, is deceased ;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to  
thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor’d wife ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Few words.



'Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :  
And yet-I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich :—but thou 'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>1</sup>  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me : were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what  
his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and  
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby,<sup>2</sup> or an old  
trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have  
as many diseases as two and fifty horses ; why,  
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the story of a Florentine in a popular book  
of that period, called *A Thousand Notable Things*.

<sup>2</sup> A small image on the tag of a lace.

Her only fault (and that is faults enough)  
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,  
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worsè than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's  
effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well.—  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you.  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor  
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I  
do, she would think scolding would do little good  
upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score  
knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin  
once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>1</sup> I'll tell you  
what, sir:—an she stand <sup>2</sup> him but a little, he will  
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with

---

<sup>1</sup> Abusive language.

<sup>2</sup> Withstand.

it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio; I must go with thee;  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
And her withholds from me, and other more  
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
(For those defects I have before rehearsed)  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:  
Therefore this order<sup>1</sup> hath Baptista ta'en;—  
That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst!  
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me  
grace;  
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen<sup>2</sup> in music, to instruct Bianca:  
That so I may by this device, at least,  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with  
books under his arm.*

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the

---

<sup>1</sup> These measures.

<sup>2</sup> Versed.

old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love:—  
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous!

*[they retire.]*

*Gre.* O, very well: I have perused the note.  
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:  
All books of love, see that at any hand;<sup>1</sup>  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me.—Over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfumed;  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, (stand you so assured)  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah.

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior  
Gremio!

*Gre.* And you're well met, signior Hortensio,  
Trow you,

---

<sup>1</sup> At all events.

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.  
I promised to inquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca :  
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man ; for learning, and behavior,  
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,  
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

*Hor.* 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,  
Hath promised me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca so beloved of me.

*Gre.* Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall  
prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :  
Listen to me ; and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well.—  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

*Pet.* I know, she is an irksome brawling scold :  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;  
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

*Gre.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to 't, o' God's name ;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat ?

*Pet.* Will I live ?

*Gru.* Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang her.

[*aside.*

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent ?  
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?  
Have I not heard great ordnanee in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,  
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?  
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.<sup>1</sup>

*Gru.* For he fears none. [*aside.*

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arrived,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

*Hor.* I promised, we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

---

<sup>1</sup> Fright boys with bugbears.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

*Grn.* I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*aside.*

*Enter* TRANIO *bravely appareled, and* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters:—is't  
[*aside to Tranio.*] he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he, Biondello!

*Gre.* Hark you, sir: you mean not her to——

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you  
to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's  
away.

*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio. [*aside.*

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of; yea,  
or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No, if, without more words, you will get  
you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know;——  
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right;—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter<sup>1</sup> had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have;

And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a  
jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me: let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the elder sister first be wed:

---

<sup>1</sup> Helen.



The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;  
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access;—whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof, ;  
Please ye we may contrive<sup>1</sup> this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's  
be gone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—  
*Petruchio.* I shall be your *ben venuto*. {*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> spend.

## A C T I I.

## SCENE I.

*The same. A room in Buptista's house.*

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;  
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,<sup>1</sup> --  
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell,  
Whom thou lovest best : see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest : is't not Hortensio ?

*Bian.* If you affect<sup>2</sup> him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?  
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while.

---

<sup>1</sup> Trifling ornaments.

<sup>2</sup> Love

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*strikes her.*]

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps.—

Go, ply thy needle: meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding<sup>1</sup> of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*flies after Bian.*]

*Bap.* What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bian.*]

*Kath.* Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure; she must have a husband:

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

---

<sup>1</sup> Worthless girl.

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man ; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician ; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen !

*Pet.* And you, good sir ! Pray, have you not a daughter,

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt ; go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio ; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard :  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

*[presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see, you do not mean to part with her.  
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
Baccare!<sup>1</sup> you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would  
fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting Lucentio.*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio; wel-

---

A proverbial exclamation then in use.

come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to Tranio.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir; the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request:— That, upon knowlege of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favor as the rest: And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa, by report: I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.— Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the set of books: You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

*Enter Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both, These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hor. Luc. and Bion.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner : you are passing welcome ;  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well ; and in him, me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :  
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands ;  
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Fap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,<sup>1</sup>  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll fume with them:'

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way;  
And there I stood amazed for awhile,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

---

<sup>1</sup> A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.



And twangling Jack;<sup>1</sup> with twenty such vile  
terins,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench:  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discom-  
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you, do; I will attend her here,

[*Excunt Bap. Gre. Tra. and Hor.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be mar-  
ried.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

---

<sup>1</sup> Paltry musician.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard  
of hearing :

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain  
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate, of my consolation ;—

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Moved ! in good time : let him that moved  
you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee ;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to  
catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be? should buz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try.

[striking him.]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books

*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.<sup>1</sup>

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ?

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen ;

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time  
flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

---

<sup>1</sup> A degenerate cock.

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?  
O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,  
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue  
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?  
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;  
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly  
speech ?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother ! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise ?

*Kath.* Yes ; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy  
bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)  
Thou must be married to no man but me :  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates.  
Here comes your father ; never make denial :  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*Bap.* Now,  
Signior Petruchio ! how speed you with  
My daughter ?

*Pet.* How but well, sir ? how but well ?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in  
your dumps ?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter ? now, I promise  
you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,  
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus ; yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;  
If she be curst, it is for policy :  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn :  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :  
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee  
hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied<sup>1</sup> so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world<sup>2</sup> to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone.

A meacock<sup>3</sup> wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands:

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu:

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—

---

<sup>1</sup> Vie and revie were terms at primero, a fashionable game in our author's time.

<sup>2</sup> It is wonderful.

<sup>3</sup> Cowardly.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina, severally.*]

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's  
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;  
Now is the day we long have looked for:  
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one, that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

*Gre.* Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Greybeard! thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.  
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that norisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that florisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound  
this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,  
'That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;



Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands :  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,<sup>1</sup>  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house or housekeeping ; then, at my farm,  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;  
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me.

I am my father's heir, and only son.  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !  
My land amounts not to so much in all :  
That she shall have ; besides an argosy,<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Counterpanes.

<sup>2</sup> A large merchant ship.

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no  
less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,<sup>1</sup>  
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have.—  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess, your offer is the best;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own; else, you must pardon me.  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die as well as  
old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolved:—On Sunday next, you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to signior Gremio:  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> A gallias was a low-built vessel of burden, worked with  
sails and oars.

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbor.—Now I fear thee  
not.

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,  
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten:<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis in my head to do my master good.  
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;  
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.  
[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*A room in Baptista's house.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;

---

<sup>1</sup> The highest card.

And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar<sup>1</sup> in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself:  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles:  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tuned.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[to Bianca.—*Hortensio retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*

*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I  
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,  
—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—

---

<sup>1</sup> No school-boy liable to corporal correction.

*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,  
—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my  
port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old  
pantaloon.<sup>1</sup>

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*returning.*

*Bian.* Let's hear:—

[*Hortensio plays*

O fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:—*Hac  
ibut Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*,<sup>2</sup>  
I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he  
hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, de-  
spair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.*

All but the bass.

*Hor.* The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that  
jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

*Pedascule*,<sup>2</sup> I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise  
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

<sup>1</sup> The old cul'y in Italian farces.

SHAK.

V.

<sup>2</sup> Pedant.

N

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, [*to Lucentio.*] and give  
me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,  
And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*aside.*]

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*reads.*] ‘*Gamut* I am, the ground of all  
accord,

*A re*, to plead Hortensio’s passion;

*B mi*, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

*C faut*, that loves with all affection :

*D sol re*, one cliff, two notes have I;

*E la mi*, show pity, or I die.’

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not :  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your  
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both : I must be  
gone. *[Exeunt Bian. and Ser.]*

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to  
stay. *[Exit.]*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant.  
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,<sup>1</sup>  
Seise thee, that list. If once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,  
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior Lucentio, *[to Tranio.]* this is the  
'pointed day,  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Bait, decoy.

*Kath.* No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,<sup>1</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior ;  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns ;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say,—' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her.'

*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too :  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

*Kath.* Would, Katharine had never seen him  
though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bian. and others.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to  
weep ;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

---

<sup>1</sup> Caprice, inconstancy.



*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what:—to thine old news.

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, twice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;<sup>1</sup> with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothly saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lam-pass,<sup>2</sup> infected with the fashions,<sup>3</sup> full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,<sup>4</sup> stark spoiled with the staggers, be-

---

<sup>1</sup> Without a point to the scabbard.

<sup>2</sup> A lump of flesh in the roof of a horse's mouth.      <sup>3</sup> Farcy.

<sup>4</sup> A distemper in horses resembling the strangies.

gnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>1</sup> which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock<sup>2</sup> on one ieg. and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'The humor of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

---

<sup>1</sup> Velvet.

<sup>2</sup> Stocking.

*Bion.* Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not  
many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at  
home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you  
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-  
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;<sup>1</sup>  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
'The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent  
robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth; even thus; therefore have done  
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Pet. Gru. and Bio.*]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire.  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit*]

*Tra.* But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,

---

<sup>1</sup> To deviate from my promise.

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills<sup>1</sup> not much; we'll fit him to our turn --  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised:  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business.  
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio;  
The narrow-prying father, Minola;  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming  
home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse.

*Gr.* Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horse.

*Kath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir ; there lies your way :

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green.

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves :

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret :

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,







My household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare:  
I'll bring my action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—  
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee,  
Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with  
laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your  
sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly  
mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbors and friends, though bride and  
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets<sup>1</sup> at the feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to **bride**  
it?

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<sup>1</sup> Sweetmeats.

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,  
let's go. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*A hall in Petruchio's country-house.*

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?<sup>1</sup> was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me.—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Cur.* Who is that, calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

---

<sup>1</sup> Bemired, dirty.

*Cur.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Cur.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Cur.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Cur.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Cur.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gru.* Why, 'Jack boy! ho boy!' <sup>1</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Cur.* Come, you are so full of coney-catching! <sup>2</sup>—

*Gru.* Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready,

---

<sup>1</sup> The commencement of an old song.

<sup>2</sup> Tricks.

the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Cur.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Cur.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Cur.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Cur.* Here.

*Gru.* There. *[striking him.]*

*Cur.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

*Cur.* Both on one horse?

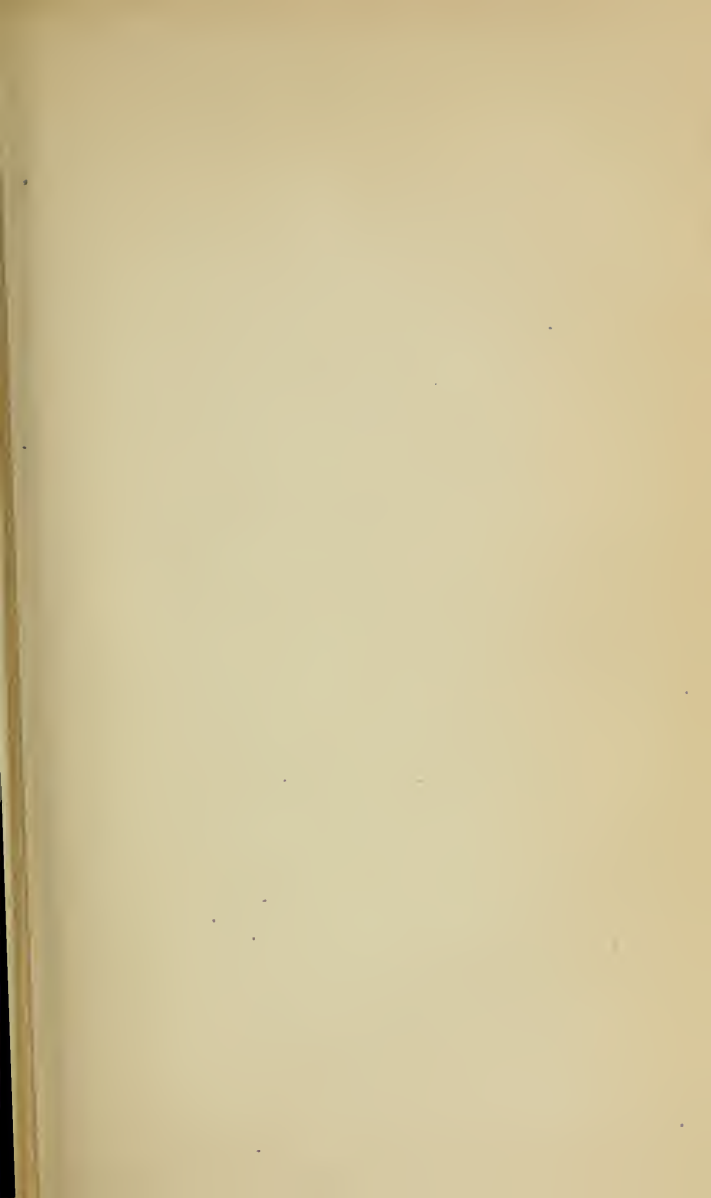
*Gru.* What's that to thee?

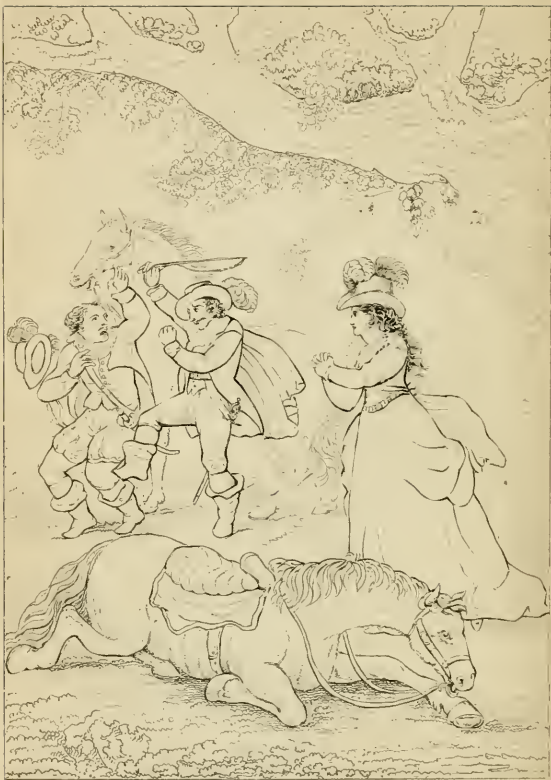
*Cur.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—but, hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was be-moiled;<sup>1</sup> how he left her with the horse upon her.

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<sup>1</sup> Pemired.





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# TAMING OF THE SHREW

*Katharina Petruchio & Grumio*

*Act IV. Scene I*

how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;<sup>1</sup> how I lost my crupper,—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Cur.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:<sup>2</sup> let them courtesy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Cur.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Cur.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Cur.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

---

<sup>1</sup> Broken

BRAB.

<sup>2</sup> Not different one from the other.

V.

O

*Cur.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several SERVANTS.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio.

*Phi.* How now, Grumio?

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?

*Gru.* Ev'n at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

*All Ser.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!——

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?——

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.



*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link<sup>1</sup> to color Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;  
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet  
you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Where is the life that late I led? ' [sings]

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Soud, soud. soud, soud! <sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

'It was the friar of orders gray, [sings.]

As he forth walked on his way: '—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

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<sup>1</sup> Torch of pitch.

<sup>2</sup> 'A word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.'—Malone.

'Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

*[strikes him.]*

Be merry, Kate!—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

*[Exit Servant.]*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

*[a bason is presented to him.]*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

*[Servant lets the ewer fall.]*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

*[strikes him.]*

*Kath.* Patience, I **pray** you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down: I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What's this? mutton?

*1 Ser.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*1 Ser.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: *[throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]* You heedless boltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried  
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Cur.*]

*Nath.* [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humor.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Cur.* In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor  
soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politiciely begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.<sup>1</sup>  
Another way I have to man my haggard,<sup>2</sup>  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;  
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,  
That bate,<sup>3</sup> and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not :  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—  
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,<sup>4</sup>  
That all is done in reverend care of her ;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,  
And with the clamor keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> A lure was a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue.

<sup>2</sup> To tame my wild hawk.

<sup>3</sup> Flutte

<sup>4</sup> Pretend.

## SCENE II.

*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*[they stand aside.]*

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the art to love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. *[they retire.]*

*Hor.* Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion :<sup>1</sup>  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your intire affection to Bianca ;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court !——Signior  
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—  
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favors  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—  
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.  
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*Hor.* Would, all the world, but he, had quite for  
sworn !

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long loved  
me,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard :  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,

---

<sup>1</sup> Despicable fellow.

In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.*]

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed ease!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: but have you both for-  
sworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a  
place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long,  
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>1</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

---

<sup>1</sup> Messenger.

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè or a pedant,<sup>1</sup>  
I know not what; but formal in apparel;  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Enter 1 PEDANT.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:  
And then up farther, and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes  
hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)

---

<sup>1</sup> A merchant or a schoolmaster.



Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.  
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this will I advise you:—  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa:

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him:  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and  
all one. *[aside.]*

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favor will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,  
That you are like to sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:—  
Look, that you take upon you as you should;  
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand ;—  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance <sup>1</sup> of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :  
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A room in Petruchio's house.*

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :

And that which spites me more than all these  
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who should say,—if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.--

I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast ;

---

<sup>1</sup> To make a conveyance or deed.

I care not what, so it be wholesome food

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee, let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear, it is too choleric a meat.—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

*Kath.* I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.—

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay, then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat; and*

HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Dispirited: a Gallicism.

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

*[sets the dish on a table.]*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lovest it not,  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.<sup>1</sup>——  
Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* Pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

*[aside]*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of  
bravery,<sup>2</sup>  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

---

<sup>1</sup> Has ended in nothing.

<sup>2</sup> Finery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter* TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

*Enter* HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;  
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.  
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.  
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in haste. [*aside.*]

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;  
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe.  
Your betters have endured me say my mind;  
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:  
And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin,<sup>1</sup> a bauble, a silken pie.  
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

*Kath.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us  
see 't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
Like to a censer<sup>2</sup> in a barber's shop.—  
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor  
gown. *[aside.]*

*Tui.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.  
I'll none of it: hence; make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint,<sup>3</sup> more pleasing, nor more commend-  
able.  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

---

<sup>1</sup> A coffin was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust  
of a pie or custard.

<sup>2</sup> A fire-pan.

<sup>3</sup> Pretty.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,  
Thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so be-mete<sup>1</sup> thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceived: the gown is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.<sup>2</sup>

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men;<sup>3</sup>  
brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved.  
I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the

---

<sup>1</sup> Be-measure.

<sup>2</sup> Turned up many garments with facings.

<sup>3</sup> Made many men fire.

gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* 'With a small compassed cape;' <sup>1</sup>—

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* 'With a trunk sleeve;'——

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,<sup>2</sup> give me thy mete-yard,<sup>3</sup> and spare not me.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a round cape.

<sup>2</sup> A quibble between the written bill, and the ancient weapon carried by foot soldiers.

<sup>3</sup> Measuring-yard.



*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grunio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid  
[*aside.*]

Go, take it hence: be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:  
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

*Pet.* it shall be seven ere I go to horse.  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:  
I will not go to-day; and, ere I do,  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the  
sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the* PEDANT *dressed like*  
*Vincentio.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house. Please it you, that I  
call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa.

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Ped.* I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your  
boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Tra.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* 'Tut! fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him, that your father was at Venice,  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou 'rt a tall<sup>1</sup> fellow: hold thee that to  
drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.--

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:

Sir, [*to the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of.

I pray you, stand good father to me now;

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua

---

<sup>1</sup> Brave.

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself :  
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like  
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd :  
For curious <sup>1</sup> I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.—  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass <sup>2</sup> my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done :  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know  
best,  
We be affied ; <sup>3</sup> and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

---

Scrupulous.

<sup>2</sup> Assure or convey.

<sup>3</sup> Betrothed.

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;  
And, happily,<sup>1</sup> we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this ;—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home.  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—  
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee  
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?  
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer.  
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

*Bion.* Cambio !

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello ?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon  
you ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Happly, pernap

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral<sup>1</sup> of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralise them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?—

*Bion.* The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect;—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say;

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*going.*

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint

---

<sup>1</sup> Secret purpose.

Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.      [*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented.  
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :  
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.      [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*A public road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name : once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—  
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed  
sun :—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the moon changes, even as your mind.  
What you will have it named, even that it is ;  
And so, it shall be so, for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl  
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But, soft ; what company is coming here ?

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away ?—

[*to Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too .

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks .

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a wo-  
man of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;



Happier the man, whom favorable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate ! I hope, thou art not  
mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father :  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make  
known

Which way thou travellest ; if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—  
That with your strange encounter much amazed me ;  
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa ;  
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee—my loving father.  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
Beside, so qualified, as may bescem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure.  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake ?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*]

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*

*Enter on one side* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA,  
*GREMIO walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home ; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

*Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and  
*Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door: this is Lucentio's  
house;  
My father's bears more toward the market-place:  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you  
go:  
I think, I shall command your welcome here;  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within: you were best knock  
louder.

*Enter* PEDANT *above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat  
down the gate?

*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken  
withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound  
or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he  
shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in  
Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous cir-  
cumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that  
his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door  
to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* Why, how now, gentlemen! [*to Vincen.*] Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp! [*seeing Bion.*

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is 't so, indeed? [*beats Bion.*

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit*

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*]

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*they retire.*]

*Re-enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!<sup>1</sup> O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name? as if I knew not his name! I

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<sup>1</sup> A hat with a conical crown.

have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass ! his name is Lucentio ; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio ! O, he hath murdered his master ! —Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son ! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio ?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer : [*enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail ?

*Gre.* Stay, officer : he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio : I say, he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched<sup>1</sup> in this business. I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard ; to the jail with him.

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be halcd and abused !—O monstrous villain !

---

<sup>1</sup> Overreached

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* O, we are spoiled, and,—yonder he is :  
deny him ; forswear him ; or else we are all un-  
done.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. [*kneeling.*

*Vin.* Lives my sweetest son ?

[*Bion. Tra. and Ped. run out.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father. [*kneeling.*

*Bap.* How hast thou offended ?—

Where is Lucentio ?

*Luc.* Here 's Lucentio,  
Right son unto the right Vincentio ;  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,  
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.<sup>1</sup>

*Gre.* Here 's packing,<sup>2</sup> with a witness, to deceive  
us all !

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,  
That faced and braved me in this matter so ?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

*Bian.* Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;  
And happily I have arrived at last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.—  
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to :

---

<sup>1</sup> Deceived thine eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Plotting, underhand contrivance.

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? [*to Luc.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista: we will content you: go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.  
[*Exit.*]

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.  
[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca: thy father will not frown.  
[*Exeunt Luc. and Bian.*]

*Gre.* My cake is dough: <sup>1</sup> but I'll in among the rest;  
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.  
[*Exit.*]

*Petruchio and Katharina advance.*

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir; God forbid! but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now, pray thee, love, stay.

---

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression in common use when a y project miscarried.



*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;  
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A room in Lucentio's house.*

*A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and WIDOW; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others attending.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes  
agree :

And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.  
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :  
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*they sit at table.*]

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is **kind**.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were  
true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wi.* Then never trust me if I be afeard.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

*Wi.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that ?

*Wi.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Pet.* Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*Pet.* Very well mended : kiss him for that, good widow.

*Kath.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wi.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrows by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wi.* Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate !

*Hor.* To her, widow !

*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer. Ha' to thee, lad.

[drinks to Hortensio.]

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt? a hasty-witted body  
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll  
sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have  
begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bian. Kath. and Wi.*]

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. Here, signior  
Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-  
hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift<sup>1</sup> simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:  
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* O, ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird,<sup>2</sup> good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess; hath he not hit you *here*?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one, it maim'd you two outright.

---

<sup>1</sup> Witty

<sup>2</sup> Gibe, sarcasm.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;  
And he, whose wife is most obedient,  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content.—What is the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match: 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now! what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word,  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come?  
Is that an answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, better.

*Hor.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then, she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says, you have some goodly jest in  
hand.

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O,  
vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katha-  
rina!

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for  
me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

*Bap.* Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,  
Another dowry to another daughter;  
For she is changed, as she had never been,

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and WIDOW.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward  
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.  
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:  
Off with that bauble; throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

*Wi.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would, your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-  
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wi.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will have  
no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wi.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind  
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labor, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience, —  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
I am ashamed, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
But that our soft conditions,<sup>1</sup> and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours;  
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:  
But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-  
pare, —  
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs,<sup>2</sup> for it is no boot;  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

---

<sup>1</sup> The gentle qualities of our minds.    <sup>2</sup> Abate your pride



*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are to-ward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are forward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—  
We three are married, but you two are sped.  
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;<sup>2</sup>  
[*to Lucentio.*

And, being a winner, God give you good night!  
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine.*

*Hor.* Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.  
[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> 'The fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.'—Steevens.

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the name Bianca, or white: to 'hit the white' is a phrase borrowed from archery.



WINTER'S TALE.



HISTORICAL NOTICE  
OF THE  
WINTER'S TALE.

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The story of this play is taken from Robert Greene's Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, which was published in 1588. Shakspeare has, however, changed the names of the characters, and added the parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus from his own invention.

The Winter's Tale was not entered on the Stationers' books, or printed till 1623, while we learn from Vertue's manuscripts, that it was acted at court in 1613. Malone attributes the composition to the year 1611; but Lord Orford assigns to it a much earlier date, and conjectures that it was written during the life-time of Elizabeth, and that it was intended as an indirect apology for Anne Boleyn; in which light it might be considered as a sequel to King Henry VIII.

Much censure has been cast on our author by Dryden and Pope for his disregard of the classical unities, which are no where so daringly violated as in this production, where we meet with a young woman becoming a bride, who, but a few minutes before had been deposited on the sea-shore, a new-born infant.

Schlegel has observed of this drama, that its title is happily adapted to its subject, being 'one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary

leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination.'

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived and strongly represented.'

## A R G U M E N T.

Polixenes, king of Bohemia, during a visit to his friend Leontes, king of Sicily, awakens the jealousy of his host, who unjustly suspects him of an intrigue with his wife Hermione, and endeavors to prevail on a courtier, named Camillo, to poison his guest: instead however of complying with his request, Camillo informs the unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and accompanies him in his flight to Bohemia. Leontes now vents his rage on the innocent Hermione, who is debarred from the society of her son, and confined in prison, where she is delivered of a daughter named Perdita, who is considered as spurious, and ordered to be exposed by her inhuman father. Antigonus, to whose custody the infant is committed, reaches the Bohemian territories, and during his progress is strangled by a bear, while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own. In the mean time, the character of Hermione is completely vindicated by the answer of the oracle of Delphi, which informs Leontes that he shall want an heir to his kingdom till the lost infant is found; and in confirmation of its truth, his son suddenly expires immediately after the arrival of the commissioners. The spirits of the queen are unable to sustain this last shock, and the intelligence of her death is soon after conveyed to her repentant husband. At the age of sixteen, Perdita captivates the affections of Florizel, the son of Polixenes, who contrives to escape from Bohemia with his affianced bride, and reaches the coast of Sicily, whither he is pursued by his enraged father: the apparel and jewels, which were found with the infant at the time of its exposure, are now produced by the shepherd, and Perdita is recognised as the daughter of Leontes, and bestowed in marriage on her lover. Paulina, the widow of Antigonus, invites her master and his guests to inspect a statue of Hermione, which excites unbounded admiration as a triumph of art, when the supposed marble becomes animated, and Leontes recovers his amiable wife, who had in retirement awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, his son.

CAMILLO,  
ANTIGONUS, } Sicilian lords.  
CLEOMENES, }

DION,

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.

An Attendant on the young prince Mamillius.

Officers of a court of judicature.

POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, his son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.

A MARINER.

JAILER.

An old SHEPHERD, reputed father of Perdita.

CLOWN, his son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

TIME, as chorus.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady, } attending the queen.  
Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } shepherdesses.  
DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.



## WINTER'S TALE.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

*Sicilia. An antechamber in Leontes' palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

*Cam.* 'Beseech you,——

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowlege: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd,<sup>1</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;<sup>2</sup> and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think, there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,<sup>3</sup> makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

---

<sup>1</sup> Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

<sup>2</sup> Wide waste of country.

<sup>3</sup> Affords a cordial to the state.

*Cam.* Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and *Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the watery star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile;  
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance.  
Or breed upon our absence. That may blow  
No sneaping<sup>1</sup> winds at home, to make us say,  
'This is put forth too truly!'<sup>2</sup> Besides, I have  
stay'd

---

<sup>1</sup> Nipping.

<sup>2</sup> I had too good reason for my fears concerning what might happen during my absence from home.

To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to 't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between's then; and  
in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, 'beseech you, so;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now.  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,  
sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were  
strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;  
We'll thrack him hence with distaffs.—  
Yet of your royal presence [*to Polixenes.*] I'll ad-  
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,  
To let him<sup>1</sup> there a month, behind the gest<sup>2</sup>  
Prefix'd for his parting; yet, good deed,<sup>3</sup> Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: but I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
oaths,

Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,  
You shall not go; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tarry.

<sup>2</sup> Gests were the appointed stages during a royal progress.

<sup>3</sup> Indeed.

*Pol.* Your guest then, madam :  
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;  
Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

*Her.* Not your jailer then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
boys.

You were pretty lordings<sup>1</sup> then.

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*Her.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we changed,  
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
Heaven

Boldly, ' Not Guilty ;' the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.<sup>2</sup>

*Her.* By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

---

<sup>1</sup> A diminutive of lords.

<sup>2</sup> Setting aside original sin.

*Pol.* O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us : for  
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

*Her.* Grace to boot !  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,  
Your queen and I are devils : yet, go on ;  
'The offences we have made you do, we 'll answer ;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

*Leon.* Is he won yet ?

*Her.* He 'll stay, my lord.

*Leon.* At my request, he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest  
To better purpose.

*Her.* Never ?

*Leon.* Never, but once.

*Her.* What ? have I twice said well ? when was 't  
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make  
us

As fat as tame things. One good deed, dying  
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride us.

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay ;

What was my first ? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace !  
But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?  
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

*Leon.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,  
' I am yours for ever.'

*Her.* It is Grace, indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[*giving her hand to Polix.*

*Leon.* Too hot, too hot : [*aside.*  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis*<sup>1</sup> on me :—my heart dances ;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent ; it may, I grant :  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are ; and making practised smiles  
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer ;<sup>2</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

---

<sup>1</sup> Trembling of the heart.

<sup>2</sup> The tune played at the death of the deer.



Art thou my boy?

*Mam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* I' fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock.<sup>1</sup> What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose?—

'They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf  
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*observing Polix. and Herm.*

Upon his palm?<sup>2</sup>—How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

*Mam.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots<sup>3</sup>  
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing: but were they false  
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin<sup>4</sup> eye. Sweet villain!  
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't  
be?

---

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of *beau coq*, i. e. hearty fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Still playing with her fingers, as if on a *spinnet*.

<sup>3</sup> A rough head and the budding horns.

<sup>4</sup> Blue, like the sky.

Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :  
Thou dost make possible things not so held ;  
Communicatest with dreams ;—(How can this be ?)—  
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou  
dost ;

(And that beyond commission ; and I find it)  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

*Pol.* What means Sicilia ?

*Her.* He something seems unsettled.

*Pol.* How, my lord :

What cheer ? how is 't with you, best brother ?

*Her.* You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you moved, my lord ?

*Leon.* No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil  
'Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash,<sup>2</sup> this gentleman !—Mine honest friend,

---

<sup>1</sup> Credible.

<sup>2</sup> A squash is an immature pea-cod.

Will you take eggs for money? <sup>1</sup>

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leon.* You will? why, happy man be his dole! <sup>2</sup>—

My brother.

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Pol.*

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
He makes a July's day short as December ;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*Leon.*

So stands this squire

Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome ;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent <sup>3</sup> to my heart.

*Her.*

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you  
there?

*Leon.* To your own bents dispose you : you'll be  
found,

Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,

---

<sup>1</sup> Will you be cajoled?

<sup>2</sup> May his lot in life be a happy one. A proverbial expression.

<sup>3</sup> Heir apparent, next claimant.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to ! *[aside, observing Pol. and Her.]*  
How she holds up the neb,<sup>1</sup> the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing<sup>2</sup> husband ! Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one.<sup>3</sup>——

*[Exeunt Pol. Her. and Attendants.]*

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too ; but so disgraced a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamor  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There  
have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his ab-  
sence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbor : nay, there's comfort in 't,  
Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates  
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is  
none .

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,

---

<sup>1</sup> Mouth.

<sup>2</sup> Approving.

<sup>3</sup> A horned one.

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [Exit *Mam*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.

*Leon.* Didst note it?

*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,<sup>1</sup>

'Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust<sup>2</sup> it last.—How came't, Camillo, That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;

---

<sup>1</sup> To round in the ear, is to tell secretly.

<sup>2</sup> Taste.

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
 By any understanding pate but thine?  
 For thy conceit is soaking; will draw  
 More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is't,  
 But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
 Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord? I think most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
 Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—  
 Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
 My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou  
 Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed  
 Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been  
 Deceived in thy integrity, deceived  
 In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon't.—Thou art not honest; or,  
 If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward;  
 Which boxes<sup>2</sup> honesty behind, restraining

<sup>1</sup> Inferiors in rank

<sup>2</sup> To box is to hamstring.

From course required : or else thou must be counted  
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake  
drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly ; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man, that does not think)

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say.  
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart!  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty!) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
 blind

With the pin and web,<sup>1</sup> but theirs, theirs only,  
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then the world, and all that is in 't, is nothing;  
 The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cured  
 Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;

---

<sup>1</sup> Disorders of the eye.



For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say, it be ; 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is ; you lie, you lie :  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;  
Or else a hovering temporiser, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.<sup>1</sup>

*Cam.* Who does infect her ?

*Leon.* Why he, that wears her like his medal,  
hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia : who,—if I  
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honor as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts ;—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form  
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who mayst see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled ;—mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this ; and that with no rash <sup>2</sup> potion,  
But with a lingering dram, that should not work

---

<sup>1</sup> Hour-glass.

<sup>2</sup> Hasty.

Maliciously,<sup>1</sup> like poison : but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honorable.  
I have loved thee,——

*Leon.* Make 't thy question, and go rot !  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
'To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine ;  
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?  
Could man so blench ?<sup>2</sup>

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir ;  
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;  
Provided, that when he 's removed, your highness  
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing  
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me,  
Even so as I mine own course have set down :  
I 'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then ; and, with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia

---

<sup>1</sup> With effects openly hurtful.

<sup>2</sup> Could any man so start off from propriety !

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer :  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all :

Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Cam.* I 'll do 't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised  
me. *[Exit.]*

*Cam.* O miserable lady !—But, for me,  
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do 't  
Is the obedience to a master ; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't ; but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,  
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must  
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter POLIXENES.*

*Pol.* This is strange ! methinks,  
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak ?——  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir !

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court ?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not? do not. Do you know,  
and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me?  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the  
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——  
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto;  
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names

In whose success <sup>1</sup> we are gentle ; <sup>2</sup>—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my know-  
lege

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo ?  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine ;—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I'll tell you ;  
Since I am charged in honor, and by him  
That I think honorable : therefore, mark my coun-  
sel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me  
Cry, ' Lost, ' and so good-night.

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

*Cam.* I am appointed him <sup>3</sup> to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo ?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Succession.

<sup>2</sup> Gentle is here opposed to simple : well-born.

<sup>3</sup> The person appointed.

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he  
swears,

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument  
To vice<sup>1</sup> you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!<sup>2</sup>  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the greatest infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

*Cam.* Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven, and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impa<sup>n</sup>'d,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

---

<sup>1</sup> Draw.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Judas Iscariot.

And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:  
For, by the honor of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
thereon

His execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;  
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and  
My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—'This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,  
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* LADIES.

*Her.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me.  
Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord :  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best ; so that there be not  
'Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this ?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
now

What color are your eye-brows ?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose

'That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye :



The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with  
us,

If we would have you.

*1 Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her !

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,  
sir, now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall't be ?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter :  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.  
Come on ; sit down.—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,——

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a church-yard :—I will tell it  
softly ;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and others.

*Leon.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo  
with him ?

1 *Lord*. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
 never  
 Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them,  
 Even to their ships.

*Leon*.                   How bless'd am I  
 In my just censure! <sup>1</sup> in my true opinion!—  
 Alack, for lesser knowlege!—How accursed,  
 In being so bless'd! There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowlege  
 Is not infected: but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts.<sup>2</sup>—I have drank, and seen the  
 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown:  
 All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,  
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
 He has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing; <sup>3</sup> yea, a very trick  
 For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
 So easily open?

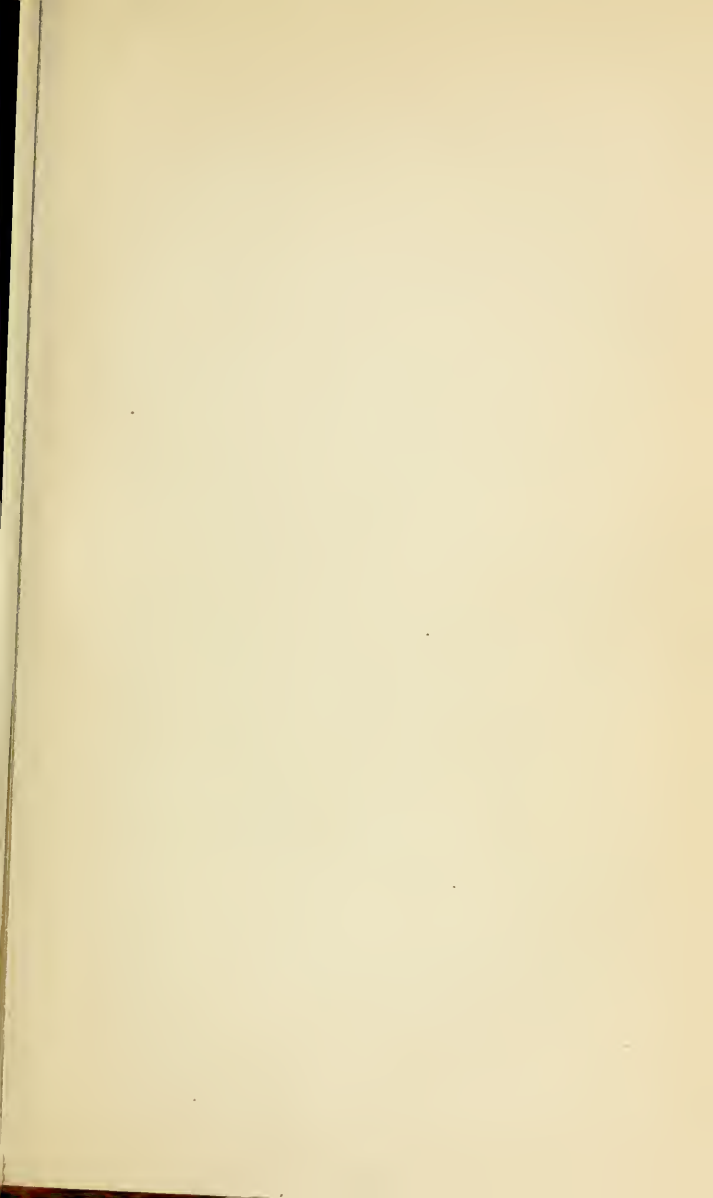
1 *Lord*.       By his great authority;  
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
 On your command.

*Leon*.                   I know't too well.

<sup>1</sup> Judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Heavings.

A thing pinched out of clouts, a pull pet.





Interno del

INTERNO DEL  
 TEMPIO DI MARCO  
 ANTONIO

Give me the boy: I am glad, you did not nurse him.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her:

Away with him;—and let her sport herself With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

*Her.* But I'd say, he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords, Look on her; mark her well; be but about To say, 'She is a goodly lady,' and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, 'Tis pity, she's not honest, honorable.' Praise her but for this her without-door form, (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands, That calumny doth use;—O, I am out, That mercy does; for calumny will sear<sup>1</sup> Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and has. When you have said, she's goodly, come between, Ere you can say she's honest: but be it known, From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

---

<sup>1</sup> Stigmatise or brand as infamous.

She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world.  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Poixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She's an adulteress ; I have said, with whom ;  
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
A federary <sup>1</sup> with her ; and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself,  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you.  
When you shall come to clearer knowlege, that  
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No, no ; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,

---

<sup>1</sup> Confederate.

The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison :  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off<sup>1</sup> guilty  
But that he speaks.<sup>2</sup>

*Her.* There 's some ill planet reigns.  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have  
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my  
lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd !

*Leon.* Shall I be heard ? [*to the Guards.*

*Her.* Who is't, that goes with me ? 'Beseech  
your highness,  
My women may be with me ; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
[*to her Ladies.*  
There is no cause ; when you shall know, your mis-  
tress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out : this action, I now go on,  
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :  
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,

---

<sup>1</sup> Remotely.

<sup>2</sup> In merely speaking.

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables<sup>1</sup> where  
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;  
Then when I feel and see her, no farther trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abused, and by some putter-on,<sup>2</sup>  
That will be damn'd for 't: 'would I knew the  
villain,

---

<sup>1</sup> Keep my station.

<sup>2</sup> Instigator.



I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flaw'd,—  
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;  
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honor,  
I 'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
And I had rather glib myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.

*Leon.* Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't,  
As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*1 Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my  
lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To have her honor true, than your suspicion;  
Be blamed for 't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which,—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,  
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,

The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation,<sup>1</sup>  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:  
Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency.<sup>2</sup> Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had  
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confined;

---

<sup>1</sup> Proof.

<sup>2</sup> Of abilities more than sufficient.

Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us :  
We are to speak in public ; for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The outer room of a prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Pau.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him :

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Let him have knowlege who I am.—Good lady !  
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;  
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the KEEPER.*

You know me ; do you not ?

*Keep.*

For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honor.

*Pau.*

Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

*Keep.* I may not, madam : to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Pau.*

Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honor from  
The access of gentle visitors !——Is it lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?

Emilia?

*Keep.* So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
Emilia forth.

*Pau.* I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Keep.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

*Pau.* Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes coloring.

*Re-enter KEEPER, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

*Emi.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together. On her frights and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

*Pau.* A boy?

*Emi.* A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't: says, 'My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you.'

*Pau.* I dare be sworn.—  
'These dangerous unsafe lunes<sup>1</sup> o' the king! beshrew  
them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office

---

<sup>1</sup> Fits of madness.

Becomes a woman best : I'll take 't upon me.  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen :  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Emi.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,  
'That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue : there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-  
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;  
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;  
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,  
Lest she should be denied.

*Pau.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emi.* Now be you bless'd for it !  
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something  
nearer.

*Keep.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send the  
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it.  
Having no warrant.

*Pau.* You need not fear it, sir.  
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Free'd and enfranchised; not a party to  
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Keep.* I do believe it.

*Pau.* Do not you fear: upon  
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and other  
*Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,  
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level<sup>1</sup> of my brain, plot-proof: but she  
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

---

<sup>1</sup> Mark and aim.

1 *Att.* My lord? [*advancing.*]

*Leon.* How does the boy?

1 *Att.* He took good rest to-night :  
'Tis hoped, his sickness is discharged.

*Leon.* To see

His nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,  
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply ;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself ,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :<sup>1</sup> go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Att.*].—Fie, fie ! no thought  
of him ;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;  
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,  
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

*Pau.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life ? a gracious, innocent soul,

---

<sup>1</sup> Alone.

More free, than he is jealous.

*Ant.* That 's enough.

I *Att.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded

None should come at him.

*Pau.* Not so hot, good sir :

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Norish the cause of his awaking : I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either ; to purge him of that humor  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho ?

*Pau.* No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
About some gossips for your highness.

*Leon.* How ?——

Away with that audacious lady ! Antigonus,  
I charged thee, that she should not come about me ;  
I knew, she would.

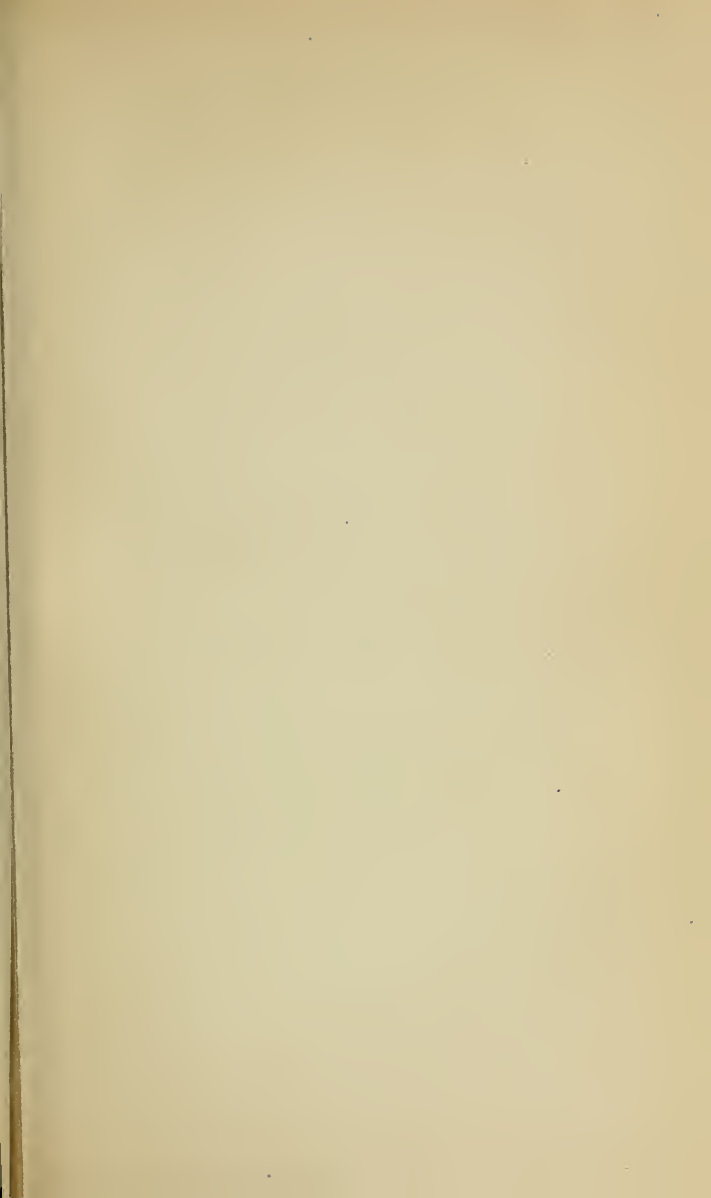
*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her ?

*Pau.* From all dishonesty he can : in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honor) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* Lo you now : you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she 'll not stumble.







Hamilton del

Starling sc

# WINTER'S TALE

*Leontes, Antigonus Paulina Infant Perdita &c*

*Act II Scene III*

*Pau.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,<sup>1</sup>  
Than such as most seem yours.—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen ?

*Pau.* Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,  
good queen ;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst<sup>2</sup> about you.

*Leon.* Force her hence.

*Pau.* Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off ;  
But, first, I'll do my errand. The good queen  
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*laying down the child.*]

*Leon.* Out !

A mankind<sup>3</sup> witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :  
A most intelligencing bawd !

*Pau.* Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so intitling me ; and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

---

<sup>1</sup> In encouraging your ill courses.

<sup>2</sup> Lowest.

<sup>3</sup> Masculine.

*Leon.*

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.  
'Thou dotard, [*to Antigonus.*] thou art woman-tired,<sup>1</sup>  
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.<sup>2</sup>

*Pau.*

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Takest up the princess, by that forced<sup>3</sup> baseness  
Which he has put upon 't!

*Leon.*

He dreads his wife.

*Pau.* So I would, you did; then, 'twere past all  
doubt,

You 'd call your children yours.

*Leon.*

A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light.

*Pau.*

Nor I, nor any,

But one, that 's here; and that 's himself: for he  
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will  
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.*A callat,<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Hen-pecked.

<sup>2</sup> Thy old, worn-out woman.

<sup>3</sup> Forced is false, uttered with violence to truth.

<sup>4</sup> A trull.

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me ! That brat is none of mine :  
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*Pau.* It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the  
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his  
smiles ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors  
No yellow<sup>1</sup> in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's !

*Leon.* A gross hag !—

And, lozel,<sup>2</sup> thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

---

<sup>1</sup> The color of jealousy.

<sup>2</sup> Thou worthless fellow.

*Pau.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*Pau.* I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant ;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
'Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something sa-  
vors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her !

*Pau.* I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so :—farewell : we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.  
My child ? away with 't !—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony) or I'll seise thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.*

I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in 't.

1 *Lord.* We can : my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better  
credit :

We have always truly served you ; and besecch  
So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg,  
(As recompense of our dear services  
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose ,  
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that blows.  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father ? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :  
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither :

[*to Antigonus.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life ;—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's gray ;—what will you ad-  
venture  
To save this brat's life ?

*Ant.*

Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;  
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for  
the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,  
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,—  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,<sup>2</sup>  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this ; though a present death  
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,

---

<sup>1</sup> It was anciently a custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.

<sup>2</sup> Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.





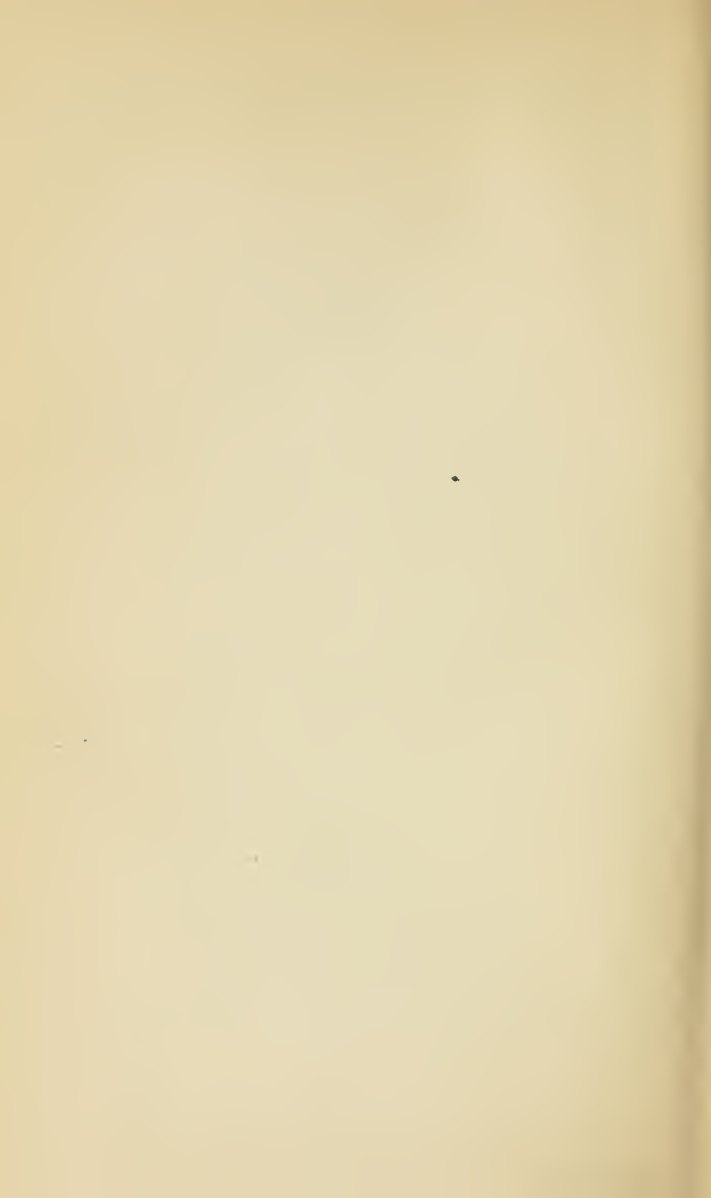
Opéra del

# WINTER'S TALE

Laertes, Antigonus, &c.

Act II. S. III.

Scenes



Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed doth require ; and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

*[Exit, with the Child.]*

*Leon.*

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

*1 Att.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*1 Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretels,  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords :  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;  
And think upon my bidding.

*[Exeunt.]*

## A C T   I I I.

## SCENE I.

*The same. A street in some town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cle.* The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;  
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report  
(For most it caught me) the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cle.* But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen (O, be't so!)  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cle.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle

(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowlege.—Go ;—fresh  
                  horses ;—  
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A court of justice.*

LEONTES, LORDS, *and* OFFICERS *appear properly seated.*

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,  
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one  
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even<sup>1</sup> to the guilt or the purgation.—  
Produce the prisoner.

*Off.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and*  
LADIES *attending.*

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

*Off.* 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned

: Equal.

of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence<sup>1</sup> whercof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, 'Not Guilty: ' mine integrity, Being counted falsehood,<sup>2</sup> shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus;—If powers divine Behold our human actions, (as they do) I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, (Who least will seem to do so) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devised, And play'd, to take spectators: for behold me,— A fellow of the royal bed, which owe<sup>3</sup> A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing, To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore

---

<sup>1</sup> Scheme laid.

<sup>2</sup> Treachery.

<sup>3</sup> Own, possess.

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : <sup>1</sup> for honor,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so ; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot beyond  
The bound of honor, or in act or will  
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fie upon my grave !

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That 's true enough ;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowlege. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accused) I do confess,  
I loved him, as in honor he required ;  
With such a kind of love, as might become  
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,  
So, and no other, as yourself commanded ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Be rid of.

Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend, whose love had  
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
For me to try how : all I know of it,  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;  
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not :  
My life stands in the level<sup>1</sup> of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams :  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact<sup>2</sup> are so) so past all truth ;  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails :<sup>3</sup> for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

---

<sup>1</sup> Within the reach.      <sup>2</sup> They who have acted like you

<sup>3</sup> It is your business to deny this charge ; but the mere  
denial will be useless.



*Her.*

Sir, spare your threats :

The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity :  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,  
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder : myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion :—lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit.<sup>1</sup> Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.  
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,  
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honor,  
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,  
'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,  
I do refer me to the oracle :  
Apollo be my judge.

*I Lord.*

This your request

---

<sup>1</sup> The limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

Is altogether just; therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Her.* The emperor of Russia was my father:  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Off.* You here shall swear upon this sword  
justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dared to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*Cle. Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Off.* [*reads.*] 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes  
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous  
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the  
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost  
be not found.'

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praised!

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Off.* Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle :  
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter SERVANT, hastily.*

*Ser.* My lord, the king, the king !

*Leon.* What is the business ?

*Ser.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it :  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>1</sup> is gone.

*Leon.* How ! gone ?

*Ser.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry ; and the Heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How  
now there ?

*Pau.* This news is mortal to the queen.—Look  
down,  
And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence :  
Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover.  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Allo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;  
New woo my queen ; recal the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :

---

<sup>1</sup> Of the event of the queen's trial.

For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death and with  
Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,  
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great; and to the hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Pau.* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Pau.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?  
What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying, boiling,  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,  
Together working with thy jealousies;—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine;—O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed, stark mad; for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,  
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter  
To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't.  
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,  
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the  
queen,  
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and ven-  
geance for 't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

*1 Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Pau.* I say, she's dead; I'll swear 't: if word  
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.*

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*1 Lord.*

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Pau.*

I am sorry for 't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past  
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.*

Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :  
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual: once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,  
Shall be my recreation. So long as  
Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt

## SCENE III.

*Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with the Child, and a* MARINER.

*Ant.* Thou art perfect<sup>1</sup> then, our ship hath touch'd  
upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get  
aboard;  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures

---

<sup>1</sup> Well assured.

Of prey, that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away ;

I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart

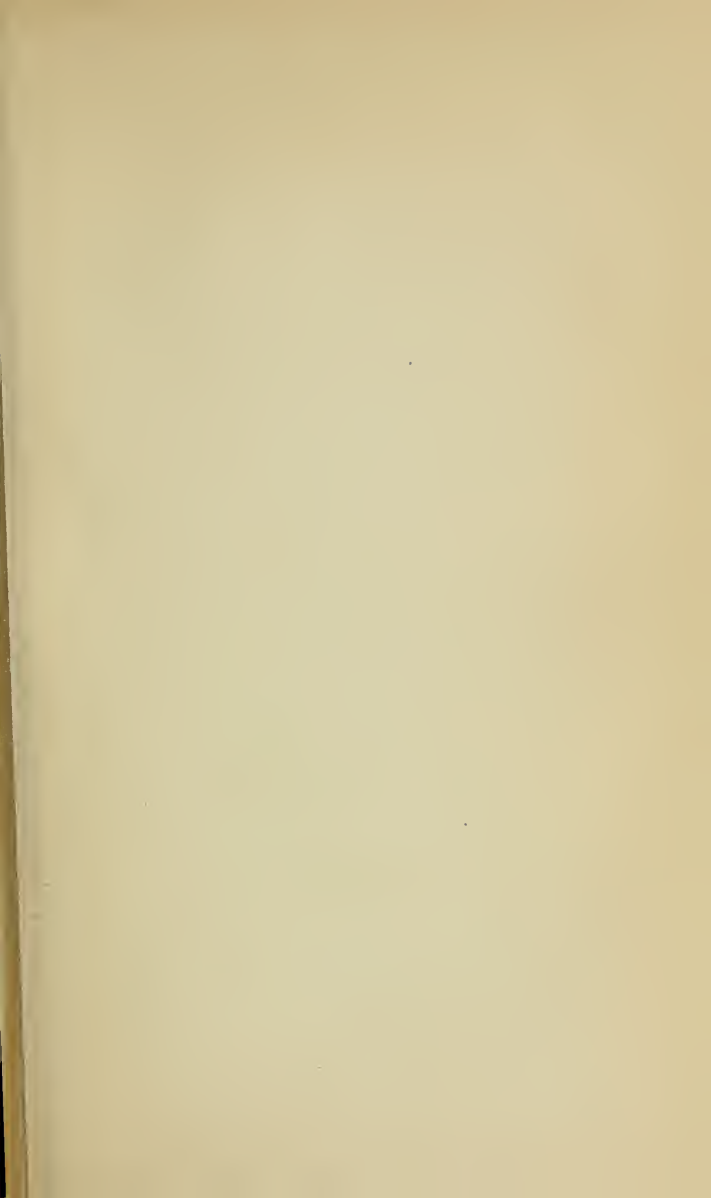
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Come, poor babe.—

I have heard, (but not believed) the spirits of the  
dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me ;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her :—' Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia ;  
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I pr'ythee, call 't : for this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more :—and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :







Wright del.

Standing at

WINTER'S TALE  
*Anonimus pursued by a Bear*  
Act III. Scene III.

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squared by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

*[laying down the child.*

There lie, and there thy character: <sup>1</sup> there these;

*[laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee,  
pretty,  
And still rest thine.—The storm begins. **Poor**  
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed  
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to  
have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!—  
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;  
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter an old SHEPHERD.*

*Shep.* I would, there were no age between ten  
and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!——Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne;<sup>1</sup> a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,<sup>2</sup> I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

*Clown.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

---

<sup>1</sup> Child.

<sup>2</sup> Female infant.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clown.* I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service;—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman!—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragoned<sup>1</sup> it;—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep.* Name of mercy when was this, boy?

*Clown.* Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

*Clown.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*aside.*

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st

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<sup>1</sup> Swallowed.

with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>1</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling:<sup>2</sup>—open't. What's within, boy?

*Clown.* You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it; keep it close: home, home, the next<sup>3</sup> way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secresy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clown.* Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst<sup>4</sup> but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clown.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> The mantle in which a child was carried to be baptised.

<sup>2</sup> Some child left behind by the fairies.

<sup>3</sup> Nearest.

<sup>4</sup> Mischievous.

## ACT IV.

*Enter TIME, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I, that please some, try all; both joy and  
terror

Of good and bad; that make and unfold error;—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried<sup>1</sup>  
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now received. I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning; and mak  
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,  
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The intermediate time unexamined.

<sup>2</sup> Imagine for me.

Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's  
daughter;  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument<sup>1</sup> of Time. Of this allow,<sup>2</sup>  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,  
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

*The same. A room in the palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-

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<sup>1</sup> Subject.

<sup>2</sup> Approve.



ween<sup>1</sup> to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly,<sup>2</sup> noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and

---

<sup>1</sup> Think too highly of myself.

<sup>2</sup> Occasionally

with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence:—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>1</sup> with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. *[Exeunt.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Conversation.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A road near the shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,——

With, heigh ! the doxy over the dale.——

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale <sup>1</sup>

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,——

With, hey ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !—

Doth set my pugging<sup>2</sup> tooth on edge ;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, heigh ! with, hey ! the thrush and the jay ;—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>3</sup>

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore  
three-pile ; <sup>4</sup> but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?

The pale moon shines by night :

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget ;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

---

<sup>1</sup> ' The red, or spring blood, now reigns over the parts  
lately under the dominion of winter.'—Farmer.

<sup>2</sup> Thievish.

<sup>3</sup> Doxies.

<sup>4</sup> Rich velvet.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.<sup>1</sup> Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clown.* Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods;<sup>2</sup> every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*Aut.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*aside.*

*Clown.* I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? 'Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice.'——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,<sup>3</sup> and very good ones; but they are most of them means<sup>4</sup> and basses: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must

---

<sup>1</sup> Picking pockets.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the wool of eleven sheep weighs a tod, or 28lbs.

<sup>3</sup> Singers of catches in three parts.

<sup>4</sup> Tenors.

have saffron, to color the warden<sup>1</sup> pies; 'mace,—dates,'—none; that's out of my note: 'nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger,' but that I may beg:—'four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.'

*Aut.* O, that ever I was born!

*[groveling on the ground.]*

*Clown.* I' the name of me——

*Aut.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clown.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

*Clown.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clown.* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clown.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand: I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*[helping him up.]*

*Aut.* O! good sir, tenderly, O!

---

<sup>1</sup> Wardens are a species of large pears

*Clown.* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut.* O, good sir; softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clown.* How now? canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clown.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clown.* What manner or fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:<sup>1</sup> I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clown.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.<sup>2</sup>

*Aut.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a

---

<sup>1</sup> Machines used in the game of *trou-madame*, or pigeon-holes.

<sup>2</sup> Sojourn awhile.

motion<sup>1</sup> of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clown.* Out upon him! Prig,<sup>2</sup> for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*Clown.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clown.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clown.* Shiall I bring thee on the way!

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clown.* Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

---

<sup>1</sup> Puppet-show.

<sup>2</sup> A cant term for a thief.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent<sup>1</sup> the stile-a :  
A merry heart goes all the day  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds to each part of  
you

Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on 't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>2</sup> it not becomes me.  
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land,<sup>3</sup> you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd<sup>4</sup> up. But that our  
feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
'To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,  
'To show myself a glass.

---

<sup>1</sup> Take hold of.

<sup>2</sup> The extravagance of your praises.

<sup>3</sup> The object of all men's notice.

<sup>4</sup> To prank is to dress with ostentation.



*Flo.* I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause !  
To me the difference <sup>1</sup> forges dread : your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates !  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence ?

*Flo.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer.  
Nor in a way so chaste ; since my desires  
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* O, but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king :  
One of these two must be necessities,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of rank.

Which then will speak ; that you must change this  
purpose,

Or I my life.

*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee. darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair.  
Or not my father's ; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle ;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are  
coming :

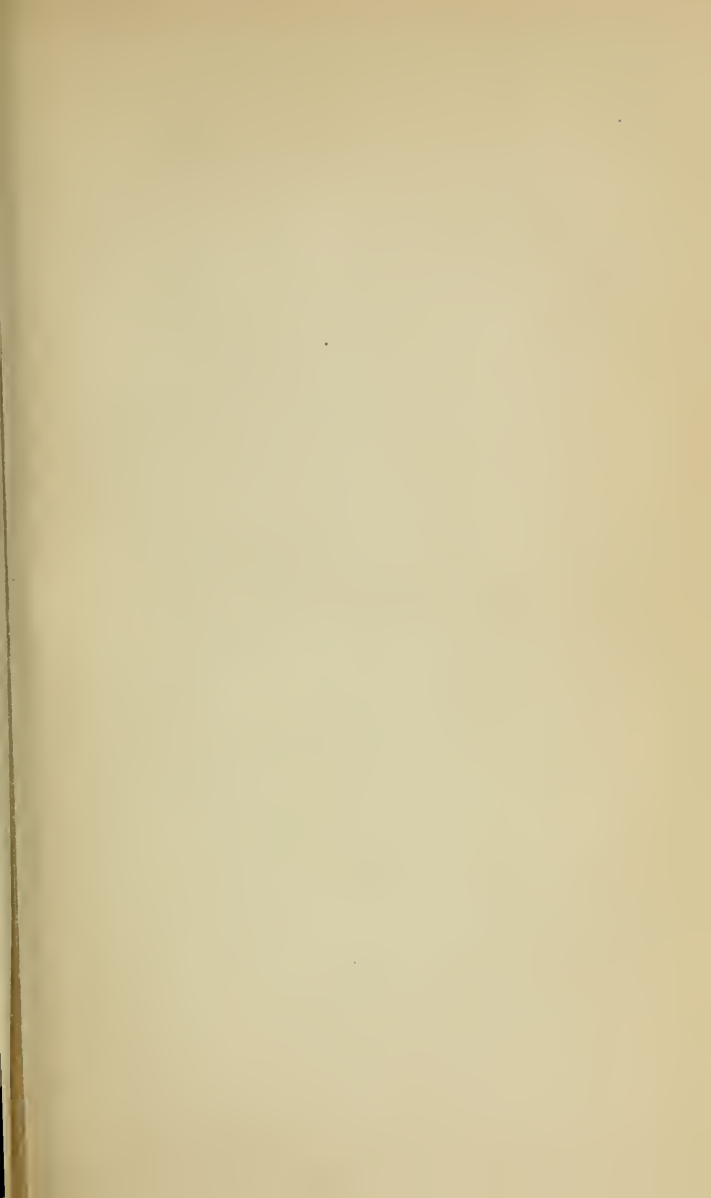
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious !

*Enter SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ; CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

*Flo.* See, your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived,  
upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all ;  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now  
here.





At upper end o' the table ; now, i' the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire  
With labor ; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for *it is*  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.*

Welcome, sir ! [*to Pol.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You 're welcome, sir !  
[*to Camillo.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep  
Seeming and savor<sup>1</sup> all the winter long :  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing !

*Pol.*

Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Per.*

Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

---

<sup>1</sup> Beauty and fragrance.

Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,  
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For<sup>1</sup> I have heard it said,  
There is an art, which, in their pidedness,<sup>2</sup> shares  
With great creating Nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be;  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we  
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather: but  
The art itself is Nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;

---

<sup>1</sup> Because.

<sup>2</sup> Diversity of color.

No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-  
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping;—these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's<sup>1</sup> waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

---

<sup>1</sup> Pluto's.

The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack.  
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

*Flo.* What ? like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;  
Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your  
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet  
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
And own no other function. Each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.<sup>1</sup>

*Per.* O Doricles,  
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Your manner in each act crowns the act.



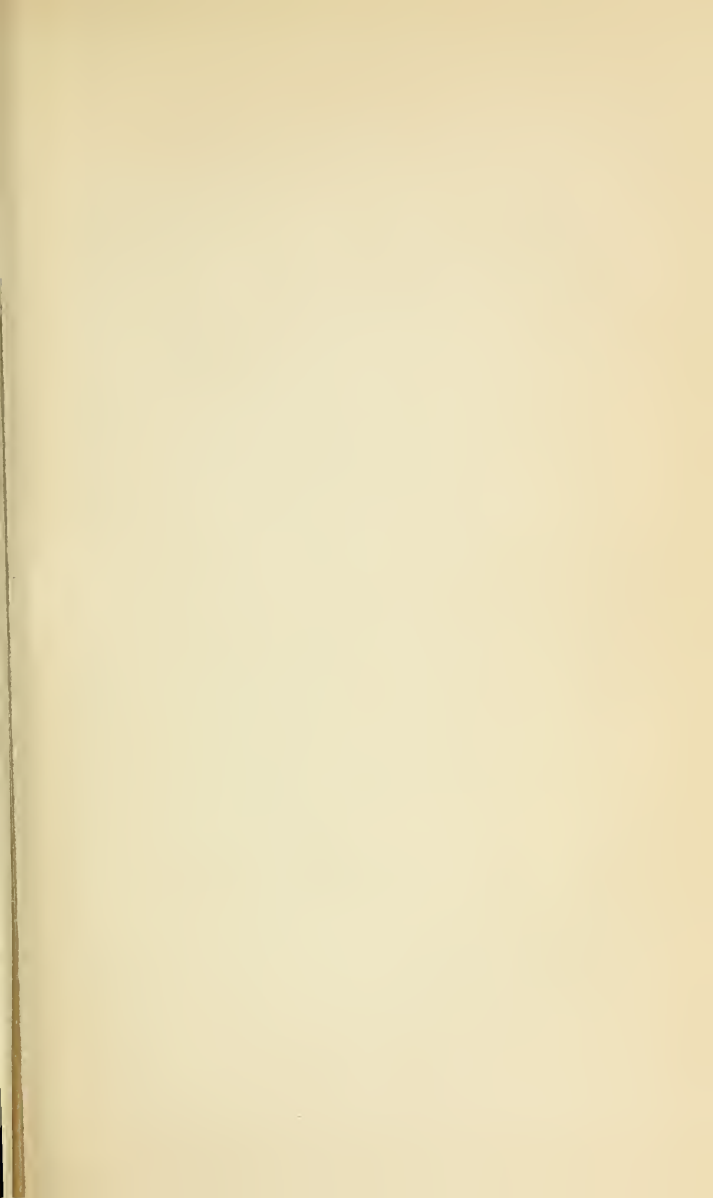




Illustration 11

Starling sc

WINTER'S TALE  
 Plots by P. J. J. & P. J. J. & P. J. J.  
 Act III. no III

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think, you have  
As little skill<sup>1</sup> to fear, as I have purpose  
To put you to 't.—But, come, our dance, I pray:  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does, or  
seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself,  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something,  
'That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is  
'The queen of curds and cream.

*Clown.* Come on, strike up.

*Dor.* Mousa must be your mistress: marry, gar-  
lick,  
To mend her kissing with.—

*Mop.* Now, in good time!

*Clown.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our  
manners.—

Come, strike up. [music.]

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Pcl.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,  
Which dances with your daughter?

---

<sup>1</sup> Reason.

*Shep.* They call him Doricles : and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding :<sup>1</sup> but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it :  
He looks like sooth.<sup>2</sup> He says, he loves my daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.<sup>3</sup>

*Shep.* So she does any thing ; though I report it,  
That should be silent : if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* O master, if you did but hear the pedier at  
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor  
and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he  
sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he  
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's  
ears grew to his tunes.

*Clown.* He could never come better : he shall  
come in. I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be  
doleful matter, merrily set down ; or a very pleasant  
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

---

<sup>1</sup> A valuable tract of pasturage.

<sup>2</sup> Neatly.

<sup>3</sup> Truth.

*Ser.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of 'dildos' and 'fadings;' 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretched mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clown.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?<sup>1</sup>

*Ser.* He hath ribands of all the colors i' the rainbow; points,<sup>2</sup> more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,<sup>3</sup> caddisses,<sup>4</sup> cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand,<sup>5</sup> and the work about the square<sup>6</sup> on 't.

*Clown.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

---

<sup>1</sup> ' Plain wares, not twisted into braids, such as ribands, cambrics, lawns, &c.'—Malone.

<sup>2</sup> Laces, with metal tags to them.

<sup>3</sup> Tapes.

<sup>4</sup> Narrow worsted galloons.

<sup>5</sup> Cuff.

<sup>6</sup> Bosom.

*Clown.* You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you 'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

' Lawn, as white as driven snow ;  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;  
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;  
Masks for faces and for noses ;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears ;  
Pius, and poking-sticks of steel,<sup>1</sup>  
What maids lack from head to heel :  
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy .  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
Come, buy, ' &c.

*Clown.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

---

<sup>1</sup> These were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plants of ruffs.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

*Clown.* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,<sup>1</sup> to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamor your tongues,<sup>2</sup> and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,<sup>3</sup> and a pair of sweet<sup>4</sup> gloves.

*Clown.* Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clown.* Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

*Clown.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-

---

<sup>1</sup> Fire-place for drying malt.

<sup>2</sup> 'i. e. ring a peal with muffled bells.'—Steevens.

<sup>3</sup> A kind of necklace worn by country girls.

<sup>4</sup> Pertumed.

bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders heads, and toads carbonadoed.

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true; and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clown.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*Clown.* Lay it by too. Another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.



*Mop.* We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on 't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

## SONG.

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go;  
Where, it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill.

*A.* Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be:

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither goest? say, whither?

*Clown.* We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both: pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em. [aside.

' Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

---

' Serious.

Any silk, any thread,  
 Any toys for your head,  
 Of the newest, and finest, finest wear-a?  
 Come to the pedler:  
 Money's a medler,  
 That doth utter<sup>1</sup> all men's ware-a.  
 [*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair:<sup>2</sup> they call themselves saltiers;<sup>3</sup> and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>4</sup> of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away! we'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

*Pol.* You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sell.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. dressed themselves in close habits tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair.

<sup>3</sup> Salters.

<sup>4</sup> A medley.

<sup>5</sup> Foot-rule.

*Shep.* Leave your prating : since these good men are pleased, let them come in ; but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter SERVANT, with twelve rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

*Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone ?—"Tis time to part them.

He's simple, and tells much. [*aside.*] How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something, that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks :<sup>1</sup> I would have ran-  
sack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,

---

<sup>1</sup> Toys.

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's  
bolted<sup>1</sup>

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Pol.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But, to your protestation: let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbor too?

*Flo.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and ail;  
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force and know-  
lege,  
More than was ever man's;—I would not prize  
them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service.  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

---

<sup>1</sup> The fine sieve used to separate flour from bran is called a bolting-cloth.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Sav you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands: a bargain.—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you:  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, *once*  
more;

Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs; is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? *Can he speak?*  
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?<sup>1</sup>  
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial. Reason, my son,  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason.  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know 't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee, let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to  
grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not:—  
Mark our contract.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir.  
[discovering himself.]

---

<sup>1</sup> Talk over his own affairs.

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowleged. Thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week: and thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know  
The royal fool thou copest with;—

*Shep.*

O, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,  
and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as  
never

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far<sup>1</sup> than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words:  
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment!—  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,  
Unworthy thee;—if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*

*Per.*

Even here undone!

---

<sup>1</sup> farther.

I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

[to *Florizel*.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

*Cam.*

Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

*Shep.*

I cannot speak nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. O, sir,

[to *Florizel*.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust. O cursed wretch!

[to *Perdita*.

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
To die when I desire.

[*Exit*.

*Flo.*

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:  
More straining on, for plucking back; not following



My leash<sup>1</sup> unwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my lord.

You know your father's temper : at this time  
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,  
You do not purpose to him ; and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

*Cam.* Even he, my lord.

*Per.* How often have I told you, 'twould be  
thus !

How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known !

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith ; and then  
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks.  
From my succession wipe me, father ! I  
Am heir to my affection.

*Cam.* Be advised.

*Flo.* I am, and by my fancy :<sup>2</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it ; but it does fulfil my vow :

---

<sup>1</sup> Leading-string.

<sup>2</sup> Love.

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo.  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,  
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion: let myself and Fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
Shall nothing benefit your knowlege, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*takes her aside.*  
I'll hear you by and by. [*to Camillo.*

Cam. He's irremovable,  
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camille,

I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony.

[*going.*

*Cam.* Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

*Flo.*

Very nobly

Have you deserved: it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompensed as thought on.

*Cam.*

Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self;—embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration) on mine honor,  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As Heavens forefend! your ruin) marry her;  
And (with my best endeavors, in your absence)  
Your discontenting<sup>1</sup> father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.

*Flo.*

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than *mal*,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

---

<sup>1</sup> For discontented.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you 'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as the unthought-on accident<sup>1</sup> is guilty  
To what we wildly do; so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
'This follows,—if you will not change your purpose  
But undergo this flight;—make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What color for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

---

This unexpected discovery made by my father

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you  
down;

The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,<sup>1</sup>  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-  
tain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true.  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in<sup>2</sup> the mind.

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,

---

<sup>1</sup> Audience.

<sup>2</sup> Comprehend.

She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear of birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this:  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me;  
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play were mine: for instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.  
[*they talk aside.*]

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS.

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have  
soid all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
riband, glass, pomander,<sup>1</sup> brooch, table-book, ballad,  
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to

---

<sup>1</sup> A little ball made of perfumes, and worn to prevent infection in times of plague.

keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer ; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it : so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs<sup>1</sup> from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you !

---

<sup>1</sup> A chough is a bird resembling a jackdaw.

All, that you speak, shows fair.

*Cam.*

Who have we here?—

[*seeing Autolycus.*

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

*Aut.* If they have overheard me now;—why, hanging. [*aside.*

*Cam.* How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man: here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst; yet hold thee; there's some boot.<sup>1</sup>

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.—I know ye well enough. [*aside.*

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed<sup>2</sup> already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it. [*aside*

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

---

<sup>1</sup> Something over and above.

<sup>2</sup> Stripped.



*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle !

*[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.]*

Fortunate mistress, let my prophecy  
Come home to you : you must retire yourself  
Into some covert ; take your sweetheart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er thy brows ; muffle your face ;  
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliking  
The truth of your own seeming, that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

*Cam.* No remedy.—  
Have you done there ?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father.  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.  
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?  
Pray you, a word. *[they converse apart.]*

*Cam.* What I do next, shall be, to tell the king  
*[aside.]*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
'To force him after : in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us !—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

*Aut.* I understand the business; I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.*

Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

*Clown.* See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clown.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to then.

*Clown.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by

him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clown.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely; puppies! [*aside.*]

*Shep.* Well; let us to the king: there is that in this fardel,<sup>1</sup> will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clown.* 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.<sup>2</sup>—[*takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,<sup>3</sup> breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*Clown.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

---

<sup>1</sup> Bundle.

<sup>2</sup> Beard.

<sup>3</sup> Estate, property.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.<sup>1</sup>

*Clown.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>2</sup>

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?<sup>3</sup> receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate or toze<sup>4</sup> from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-à-pé; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clown.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yct Nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. they sell it us.

<sup>2</sup> The stately tread of courtiers.

<sup>3</sup> In the fact.

<sup>4</sup> Cajole or force

*Clown.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

*Clown.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

*Aut.* The fardel there; what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clown.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane<sup>1</sup> to him, though removed fifty times, shall

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<sup>1</sup> Related.

all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clown.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>1</sup> shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,<sup>2</sup> I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is *man* shall do it.

*Clown.* He seems to be of great authority: close

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<sup>1</sup> The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

<sup>2</sup> Being handsomely bribed.

with him; give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive.

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clown.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Aut.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clown.* Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clown.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune

would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.*

*Cle.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,  
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.* Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of



The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Pau.* True, too true, my lord :  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,  
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strikeest me  
Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cle.* Not at all, good lady !  
You might have spoken a thousand things, that  
would  
Have done the time more benefit, and graced  
Your kindness better.

*Pau.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> At rest, dead.



No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one  
worse,

And better used, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, 'And why to me?'

*Pau.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Pau.* I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift<sup>1</sup> to hear me; and the words that fol-  
low'd

Should be, 'Remember mine.'

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Pau.* Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Pau.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cle.* You tempt him over-much.

*Pau.* Unless another  
As like Hermione as is her picture,

---

<sup>1</sup> Split.

Affront<sup>1</sup> his eye.

*Cle.* Good madam, —

*Pau.* I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take  
joy

To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

*Pau.* That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter GENTLEMAN.*

*Gen.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? He comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gen.* But few,  
And those but mean.

---

<sup>1</sup> Meet.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gen.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Pau.* O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme <sup>1</sup>) 'She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equall'd;' thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

*Gen.* Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*Pau.* How? not women?

*Gen.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.*]  
He thus should steal upon us.

*Pau.* Had our prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, no more; cease: thou know'st,  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.——

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and  
Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly,  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And you, fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something  
seised

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,  
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune.  
To greet a man, not worth her pains, much less  
The adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,

For visiting your highness. My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But *my* arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

*Leon.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman ; <sup>1</sup> against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;  
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd  
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things you ?

*Enter LORD.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
'That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach <sup>2</sup> his son, who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

---

<sup>1</sup> A gentleman full of grace and virtue.

<sup>2</sup> Seise arrest.



*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in the city; I now came from  
him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me,  
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endured all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay 't so, to his charge;  
He's with the king your father.

*Leon.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him, who now  
Has these poor men in question.<sup>1</sup> Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Per.* O, my poor father!  
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be:  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—

---

<sup>1</sup> Conversation

The odds for high and low's<sup>1</sup> alike.

*Leon.* My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo.* She is,

When once she is my wife.

*Leon.* That once, I see, by your good father's speed.

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth<sup>2</sup> as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Flo.* Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,  
**My father** will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leon.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*Pau.* Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes.

---

<sup>1</sup> A quibble on the false dice so called.

<sup>2</sup> Descent or wealth.

'Than what you look on now.

*Leon.* I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[to Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father:  
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.*

*Aut.* 'Beseech you sir, were you present at this relation?

*I Gen.* I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say; he found the child.

*Aut.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*I Gen.* I make a broken delivery of the business: but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes: there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed or one destroyed. A

notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance<sup>1</sup> were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another GENTLEMAN.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gen.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third GENTLEMAN.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gen.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the

---

<sup>1</sup> Import.

affection of nobleness,<sup>1</sup> which Nature shows above her breeding;—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gen.* No.

3 *Gen.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor.<sup>2</sup> Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping<sup>3</sup> her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gen.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gen.* Like an old tale still; which will have

---

<sup>1</sup> Her nobleness of disposition.

<sup>2</sup> Countenance, features.

<sup>3</sup> Embracing

matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gen.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gen.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gen.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gen.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an Alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my

heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,<sup>1</sup> changed color : some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gen.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gen.* No : the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gen.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed<sup>2</sup> house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gen.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowlege. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ;

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<sup>1</sup> Those who had the hardest hearts.

<sup>2</sup> Remote.

told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he, at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.*

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clown.* You are well met, sir: you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clown.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clown.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother: and then the



two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clown.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Clown.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clown.* Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clown.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins<sup>1</sup> say it; I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clown.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall<sup>2</sup> fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and

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<sup>1</sup> Yeomen.

<sup>2</sup> Stout.

that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clown.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A room in Paulina's house.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Pau.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina.  
We honor you with trouble. But we came

To see the statue of our queen : your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities ; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Pau.* As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart : but here it is : prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder : but yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near ?

*Leon.* Her natural posture !—  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art Hermione ; or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

*Pol.* O, not by much.

*Pau.* So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she lived now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,

As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her !  
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjured to remembrance, and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee !

*Per.* And give me leave ;  
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Pau.* O patience !  
The statue is but newly fix'd ; the color's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry : scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Pau.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought<sup>1</sup> you, (for the stone is  
mine)

---

<sup>1</sup> Agitated

I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Pau.* No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your  
fancy

May think anon, it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breathed, and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,<sup>1</sup>  
As<sup>2</sup> we are mock'd with art.

*Pau.* I'll draw the curtain:

My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

*Pau.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:  
but

I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;

---

<sup>1</sup> Though her eye be fixed, yet it seems to have motion in it.

<sup>2</sup> As if.

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock  
me,

For I will kiss her.

*Pau.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet :  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

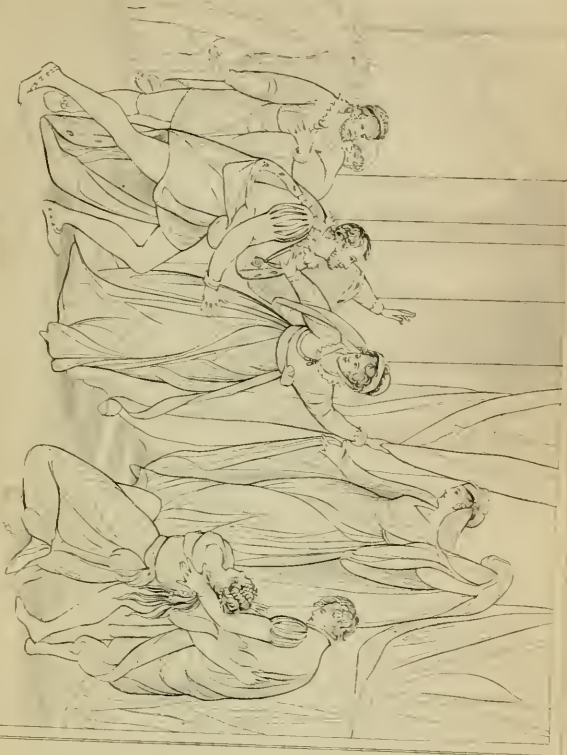
*Per.* So long could  
Stand by, a looker-on.

*Pau.* Either forbear ;  
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand. But then you'll think  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on ; what to speak,  
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*Pau.* It is required,  
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still ;  
Or those, that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed ;  
No foot shall stir.



WINTER'S TALE  
cont. Pantomime  
Act V Scene III





*Pau.* Music ; awake her : strike. —

*[music.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;  
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;  
Bequeathe to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.

*[Hermione comes down from the pedestal.]*

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again ; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

*Leon.* O, she's warm ! *[embracing her.]*

If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck :  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Pol.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has  
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

*Pau.* That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
I leave you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing. 'Tis good lady,  
Our Perdita is found.

*[presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]*

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?  
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved  
Myself, to see the issue.

*Pau.* There's time enough for that:  
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all; your exultation  
Partake<sup>1</sup> to every one. I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O, peace, Paulina!  
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine:

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said  
many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee  
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand, whose worth, and honesty,

Is richly noted, and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.—

What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion. 'This your son-in-law,

And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing)

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina.

Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely

Each one demand, and answer to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt*

END OF VOL V.



THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VI.







Northcote del

Starling sc

KING JOHN

Arthur, Isbort & Attendants

Act IV. Scene II



THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH  
*ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,*  
FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY  
A. J. VALPY, A.M.,  
FELLOW OF PEMBEROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

*IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.*

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1878.



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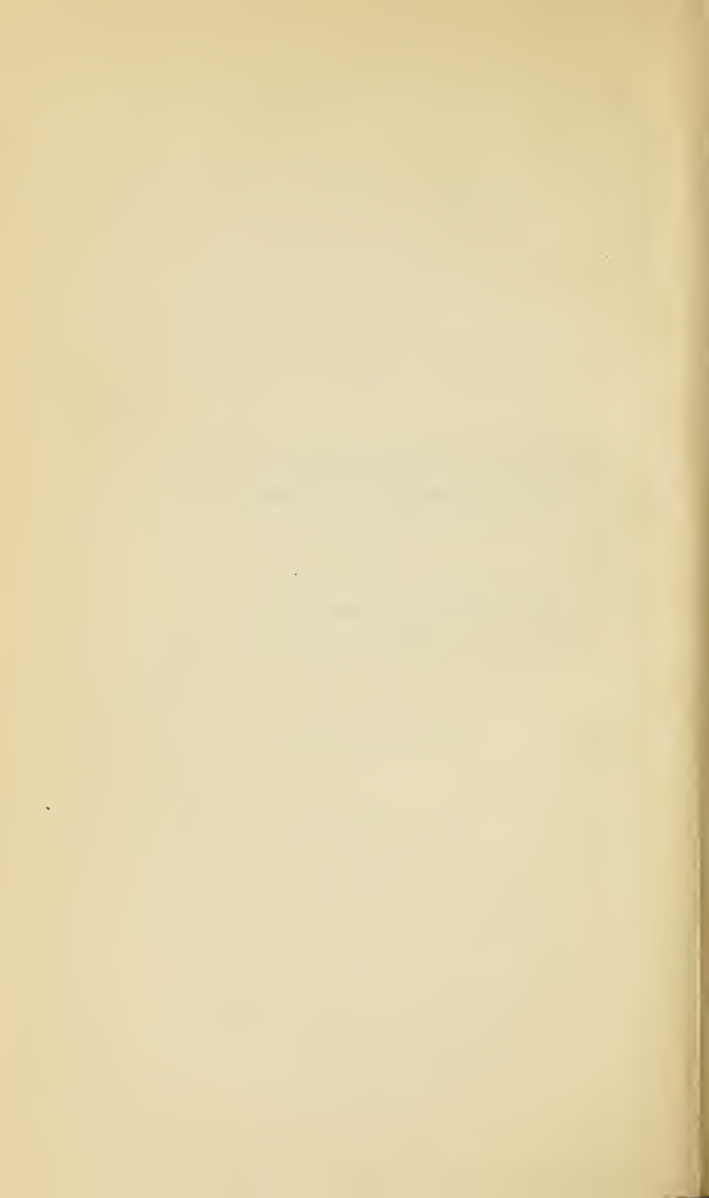
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit.

BEN JONSON.

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OF THE  
SIXTH VOLUME.

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# ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

## SIXTH VOLUME.

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ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

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## HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

## MACBETH.

Malone has assigned to the year 1606 the composition of this great effort of our author's genius, which has been regarded as the medium of dexterous and graceful flattery to James I. a lineal descendant of Banquo, who is charged by the old historians with a participation in the murder of Duncan, although for very obvious reasons Shakspeare has here represented him as innocent of that cruel deed.

The original narrative of these events is contained in the *Scotorum Historiæ* of Hector Boethius, whence it was translated into the Scottish dialect by John Bellenden, and afterwards into English by Holinshed, from whose Chronicles Shakspeare closely followed it. The awful incantations and mysterious agency of the witches in this tragedy could not fail to be highly gratifying to the pedantic vanity of a monarch, whose prejudices in favor of the reality of witchcraft or enchantment are well known.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions; and the course of the action necessarily determines the

conduct of the agents. The danger of ambition is well described ; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions. The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested ; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.'

A R G U M E N T .

---

Duncan, king of Scotland, is rescued from the calamities of foreign invasion and domestic treason by the valor of his generals Macbeth and Banquo, who, after the defeat of the enemy, are returning in triumph, when they are arrested in their progress by three witches, who salute Macbeth by the titles of Cawdor and king; at the same time foretelling that Banquo shall be the father of a race of kings, although he shall never be in possession of the crown. After the announcement of these prophecies, the witches vanish, and messengers arrive from Duncan with the intelligence that the rebellious thane of Cawdor is condemned to death, and that his title is conferred on Macbeth, whose ambition is now panting for the fulfilment of the remainder of the prediction: overcome by the suggestions of his wife, he murders his sovereign in his sleep, during a visit with which he honors him. By the artful contrivances of the guilty pair, the king's two sons are suspected of parricide, and compelled to purchase their safety by flight. The sovereignty now devolves on Macbeth, who, fearful of the prophecy which assigns the crown to the posterity of Banquo, resolves to free himself of his apprehensions by the assassination both of him and his only son: the father is slain, but his son Fleance escapes under favor of the night. In the mean time, Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, resides in the English court, under the protection of Edward the Confessor, who raises a large army in his behalf, which is strengthened by the arrival of Macduff, the thane of Fife, who, in consequence of Macbeth's jealousy, is compelled to quit his country: after his departure, the inhuman tyrant wreaks his vengeance on that nobleman's wife and children, all of whom he causes to be murdered. The two friends, with their English auxiliaries, now proceed towards Scotland, where they are joined by a number of discontented nobles. Macbeth is defeated and slain; his wretched wife puts a period to her existence; and Malcolm is restored to the throne of his ancestors.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, }  
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH, }  
BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.

MACDUFF, }  
LENOX, }  
ROSSE, } noblemen of Scotland.  
MENTETH, }  
ANGUS, }

CATHINES, }

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

YOUNG SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

SON TO MACDUFF.

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR. A SCOTCH DOCTOR.

A SOLDIER. A PORTER. AN OLD MAN.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

GENIEWOMAN attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and THREE WITCHES.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,  
and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England ; through  
the rest of the play, in Scotland ; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's  
castle.

# MACBETH.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*An open place. Thunder and lightning.*

*Enter THREE WITCHES.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's<sup>1</sup> done;  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

*All.* Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Tumult.

## SCENE II.

*A camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

*Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with*  
*Attendants, meeting a bleeding* SOLDIER.

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowlege of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Sol.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald  
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,<sup>1</sup>  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;<sup>2</sup>  
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel<sup>3</sup> smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,

---

<sup>1</sup> In addition to that.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. is supplied with light and heavy-armed infantry.

<sup>3</sup> Cause.

Like Valor's minion,  
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
'Till he unscam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sol.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to  
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their  
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Sol.* Yes;  
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth,<sup>1</sup> I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorise another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell:—

---

<sup>1</sup> Truth.

But I am faint ; my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;

They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

*Enter ROSSE.*

Who comes here ?

*Mal.* The worthythane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king !

*Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthythane ?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout<sup>1</sup> the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict ;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom,<sup>2</sup> lapp'd in proof,<sup>3</sup>

Confronted him with self-comparisons,<sup>4</sup>

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us ;——

*Dun.* Great happiness !

---

<sup>1</sup> Mock, defy.

<sup>2</sup> Macbeth.

<sup>3</sup> Defended by armour of proof.

<sup>4</sup> Showed he was his equal.



*Rosse.* That now  
 Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,  
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
 Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present  
 death,  
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath  
 won. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*A heath. Thunder.*

*Enter THREE WITCHES.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.—

‘Give me,’ quoth I:

‘Aroint thee,<sup>1</sup> witch!’ the rump-fed ronyon<sup>2</sup> cries.  
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;  
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,

<sup>1</sup> *Avant*, begone.      <sup>2</sup> The scurvy woman fed on offals.

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3 *Witch*. And I another.

1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.<sup>1</sup>

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his penthouse lid ;

He shall live a man forbid : <sup>2</sup>

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*drum within*.

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum ;

Macbeth doth come.

*All*. The weird <sup>3</sup> sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about :

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace !—the charm's wound up.

---

<sup>1</sup> The sailor's chart.

<sup>2</sup> Accursed.

<sup>3</sup> Prophetic.



Westall del

Starling sc

**MACBETH**  
*The Three Witches*  
*Act I Scene III*



*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand  
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can:—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane  
of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane  
of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king  
hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to  
fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical,<sup>1</sup> or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having,<sup>2</sup> and of royal hope,

---

<sup>1</sup> Creatures of fantasy or imagination.

<sup>2</sup> Fortune.

That he seems rapt<sup>1</sup> withal ; to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will  
not ;

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favors nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be  
none :

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
more :

By Sinel's<sup>2</sup> death, I know, I am thane of Glamis ;  
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence, or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge  
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Abstracted.

<sup>2</sup> Sinel was the father of Macbeth.



MACBETH

*A Bath Macbeth, Banquo, and Witches  
Act I Scene III*





*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,  
melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak  
about,

Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
'That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success: and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,<sup>1</sup>  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

---

<sup>1</sup> As fast as they could be counted.

Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-  
bined

With those of Norway; or did line<sup>1</sup> the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both  
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

*Ban.* That, trusted home,<sup>2</sup>  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

---

<sup>1</sup> Strengthen.

<sup>2</sup> Intirely relied on,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
'This supernatural soliciting'<sup>1</sup>  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears<sup>3</sup>  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise,<sup>4</sup> and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt!

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him.

---

<sup>1</sup> Incitement.

<sup>2</sup> Temptation.

<sup>3</sup> The actual presence of objects of terror.

<sup>4</sup> The powers of action are oppressed by conjectures concerning the future.

Like our strange garments; cleave not to their  
mould,

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,

Time and the hour<sup>1</sup> runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favor:<sup>2</sup>—my dull brain was wrought<sup>3</sup>

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Fores.* A room in the palace.

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENOX, and Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back: but I have spoke

---

<sup>1</sup> Time and opportunity.

<sup>2</sup> Pardon.

<sup>3</sup> Agitated.

With one that saw him die ; who did report,  
That **very** frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance : nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it ; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,<sup>1</sup>  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.*                                There 's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face.<sup>2</sup>  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude **even** now  
Was heavy on me. 'Thou art so far before, .  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved ;  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,

---

<sup>1</sup> Owned, possessed.

<sup>2</sup> We cannot discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.

Which do but what they should, by doing every  
thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

*Dun.* Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so ; let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland ; which honor must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only ;  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us farther to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labor, which is not used for  
you :  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor !

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland !—That is a  
step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*aside*.  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires :  
Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit*.

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;<sup>1</sup>  
And in his commendations I am fed :  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*florish. Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

*Inverness. A room in Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

*L. Macb.* ' They met me in the day of success ;  
and I have learned by the perfectest report,<sup>2</sup> they  
have more in them than mortal knowlege. When I  
burned in desire to question them farther, they  
made themselves—air, into which they vanished.  
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-  
sives<sup>3</sup> from the king, who all-hailed me, ' Thane of  
Cawdor ; ' by which title, before, these weird sisters  
saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of  
time, with, ' Hail, king that shalt be ! ' This have

---

<sup>1</sup> Full as valiant as described.

<sup>2</sup> Best intelligence

<sup>3</sup> Messengers.

I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst  
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great  
Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,<sup>1</sup>  
Which fate and metaphysical<sup>2</sup> aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal. What is your tidings?

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Att.* The king comes here to-night.

*L. Macb.* Thou 'rt mad to say it.

---

<sup>1</sup> Diadem.

<sup>2</sup> Supernatural.







Lady Marchmont  
in the year 1711

Is not thy master with him ? who, were 't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Att.* So please you, it is true; our thane is  
coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
'Than would make up his message.

*L. Macb.* Give him tending ;  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,  
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal <sup>1</sup> thoughts, unsex me here ;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ; <sup>2</sup>  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts.  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,  
And pall <sup>3</sup> thee in the dunkest smoke of hell ;  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, ' Hold, hold ! '—Great Glamis ! worthy  
Cawdor !

---

<sup>1</sup> Murderous.

<sup>2</sup> Pity

<sup>3</sup> Wrap.

*Enter* MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*L. Macb.* And when goes hence ?

*Macb.* To morrow,—as he purposes.

*L. Macb.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see !  
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming  
Must be provided for ; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my despatch ;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak farther.

*L. Macb.* Only look up clear ;  
To alter favor <sup>1</sup> ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Look, countenance.

## SCENE VI.

*The same. Before the castle.*

*Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.*

*Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,  
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and *Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,<sup>1</sup> but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see! our honor'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid God yield <sup>2</sup> us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*L. Macb.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,

---

<sup>1</sup> Convenient corner.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

Were poor and single business, to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.<sup>1</sup>

*Dun.* Where 's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*L. Macb.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in  
compt,<sup>2</sup>

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand:  
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Hermits, for beadsmen.

<sup>2</sup> Subject to account.

## SCENE VII.

*The same. A room in the castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,<sup>1</sup> and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then  
'twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—  
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

---

<sup>1</sup> A servant, whose office it was to place the dishes on the table.

The deep damnation of his taking-off:  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,<sup>1</sup>  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.—How now! what news?

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*L. Macb.* He has almost supp'd: why have you  
left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*L. Macb.* Know you not, he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in this business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*L. Macb.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valor,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

---

<sup>1</sup> The invisible winds.



Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*L. Macb.* What beast was't then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere,<sup>1</sup> and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as  
you

Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail,——

*L. Macb.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains

---

<sup>1</sup> Cohere.

Will I with wine and wassel<sup>1</sup> so convince,<sup>2</sup>  
 That memory, the warder<sup>3</sup> of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only.<sup>4</sup> When in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell?<sup>5</sup>

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,<sup>6</sup>  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
 That they have done 't?

*L. Macb.* Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
 Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth  
 know [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> Intemperance.

<sup>2</sup> Overpower.

<sup>3</sup> Sentinel.

<sup>4</sup> A limbeck is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass  
 into the recipient.

<sup>5</sup> Murder.

<sup>6</sup> Supposed.

## A C T I I.

## SCENE I.

*The same. Court within the castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry<sup>1</sup> in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.

---

<sup>1</sup> Thrift.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your officers :<sup>1</sup>  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up  
In measureless content.<sup>2</sup>

*Macb.* Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect ;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All 's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :  
'To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them :  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business.  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,—when  
'tis,  
It shall make honor for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while !

*Ban.* Thanks, sir ; the like to you ! [*Exit Banquo.*

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,

---

<sup>1</sup> Officers here signify household servants.  
i. e. content with every thing around him.

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee:——

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight, or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon<sup>1</sup> gouts<sup>2</sup> of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-  
sign

---

<sup>1</sup> Haft or handle.

<sup>2</sup> Drops.

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth.  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he  
lives;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
*[a bell rings.]*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*L. Macb.* That which hath made them drunk,  
hath made me bold ;  
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—  
Hark !—Peace !  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :  
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

*L. Macb.* Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed.

Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband?

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

*L. Macb.* I heard the owl scream, and the  
crickets cry.

Did you not speak?

*Macb.* When?

*L. Macb.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*L. Macb.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*L. Macb.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

*[looking on his hands.]*

*L. Macb.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry  
sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and  
one cried, 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard  
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*L. Macb.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried, 'God bless us!' and, 'Amen,'  
the other;

As<sup>1</sup> they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*L. Macb.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce,  
Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*L. Macb.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no  
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve<sup>2</sup> of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast;'

*L. Macb.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the  
house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

*L. Macb.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

---

<sup>1</sup> As if.

<sup>2</sup> Sleeve is unwrought silk.



'They must lie there : go, carry them ; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more :  
I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on 't again, I dare not.

*L. Macb.* Infirm of purpose !  
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking ?  
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?  
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine  
eyes !  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green one, red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*L. Macb.* My hands are of your color, but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*knock.*] I hear a knock-  
ing  
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :  
A little water clears us of this deed :  
How easy is it then ! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*knocking.*] Hark! more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter* PORTER. [*knocking within.*]

*Por.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old<sup>1</sup> turning the key. [*knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven. O, come in, equivocator! [*knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's

---

<sup>1</sup> Frequent.

an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter  
*[opens the gate.]*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

*Por.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;<sup>1</sup> and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Por.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

---

<sup>1</sup> Three o'clock in the morning.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Por.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie ; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring ?—  
Our knocking has awaked him ; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir !

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both !

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him :

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;  
But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in, physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call.  
For 'tis my limited<sup>1</sup> service. [*Exit Macduff.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day ?

*Macb.* He does :—he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly. Where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,

---

<sup>1</sup> Appointed.

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confused events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor  
heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-  
piece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
sight

With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenor.*]

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights  
To countenance this horror! [bell rings.]

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*L. Macb.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,——  
*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

*Enter* BANQUO.

Our royal master 's murder'd!

*L. Macb.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.——  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter* MACBETH and LENOX.

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead:  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had  
done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found  
Upon their pillows.

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Outran the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: <sup>1</sup>—Who could re-  
frain,

---

<sup>1</sup> Covered with blood to the hilts.

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*L. Macb.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken  
Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,  
May rush, and seise us? Let's away; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it farther. Fears and scruples **shake**  
us.

In the great hand <sup>1</sup> of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulged pretence <sup>2</sup> I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Power.

<sup>2</sup> Design.



*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them :

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland I : our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles ; the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Without the castle.*

*Enter ROSSE and an OLD MAN.*

*O. Man.* Threescore and ten I can remember  
well ;  
Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore  
night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act  
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame.

That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*O. Man.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most  
strange and certain)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*O. Man.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so, to the amazement of mine  
eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-  
duff.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is 't known, who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?<sup>1</sup>

*Macd.* They were suborn'd;  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

---

<sup>1</sup> Propose to themselves.

Are stolen away and fled ; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still :

Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up<sup>1</sup>

Thine own life's means !—Then, 'tis most like,

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to Scone.  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body ?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill ;  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone ?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there ;  
—adieu !——

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*O. Man.* God's benison go with you ; and with  
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Devour.

## A C T   I I I.

## SCENE I.

*Fores. A room in the palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* 'Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis,  
all,  
As the weird women promised; and, I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Scenet*<sup>1</sup> *sounded. Enter MACBETH as king, LADY  
MACBETH as queen, LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies,  
and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here 's our chief guest.

*L. Macb.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast.  
And all-thing unbecoming.

---

<sup>1</sup> Florish of trumpets.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon ?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good  
advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council ; but we'll talk to-morrow.  
Is 't far you ride ?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland ; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow ;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon  
us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.——

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night ; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone ; while then, God be with  
you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure ?

*Att.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Att.*] 'Tis  
be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty <sup>1</sup> of nature  
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he  
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
To act in safety. There is none, but he,  
Whose being I do fear ; and, under him,  
My genius is rebuked, as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
'They hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

---

<sup>1</sup> Nobleness.

For Banquo's issue have I filed<sup>1</sup> my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!<sup>2</sup>——Who's  
there?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with TWO MURDERERS.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*1 Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with  
you,

How you were borne in hand;<sup>3</sup> how cross'd; the  
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that  
might,

To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,

---

<sup>1</sup> For defiled.

<sup>2</sup> Challenge me to extremities.

<sup>3</sup> Proved how you were deluded

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went farther, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,

Shoughs,<sup>1</sup> water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped <sup>2</sup>  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file <sup>3</sup>  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wolf-dogs.

<sup>2</sup> Called.

<sup>3</sup> The catalogue, with prices annexed to it.



Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with<sup>1</sup> fortune  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,<sup>2</sup>

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For<sup>3</sup> certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* 'Though our lives---

---

<sup>1</sup> Worried by.

<sup>2</sup> Mortal enmity.

<sup>3</sup> On account of

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
'The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace ; always thought,  
That I require a clearness : and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
(Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;  
I 'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I 'll call upon you straight ; abide within.  
It is concluded :——Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH *and* SERVANT.

*L. Macb.* Is Banquo gone from court ?

*Ser.* Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

*L. Macb.* Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

*Ser.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*L. Macb.* Naught's had, all's spent.  
Where our desire is got without content.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest<sup>1</sup> fancies your companions making?  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on? Things without all  
remedy,

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.<sup>2</sup> Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well:

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him farther!

*L. Macb.*

Come on; gentle my lord,

---

<sup>1</sup> Most melancholy

<sup>2</sup> Ago-y.

Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial  
Among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love :  
And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance  
Apply to Banquo ; present him eminence,<sup>1</sup> both  
With eye and tongue : unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams ;  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*L. Macb.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !  
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*L. Macb.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.<sup>2</sup>

*Macb.* There's comfort yet ; they are assailable :  
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
mons,

The shard-borne beetle,<sup>3</sup> with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*L. Macb.* What's to be done ?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowlege, dearest  
chuck,<sup>4</sup>

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling<sup>5</sup> night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Do him the highest honors.

<sup>2</sup> The copy, or lease, by which they hold their lives, is not eternal.

<sup>3</sup> The beetle borne in the air by its shards. i. e. scaly wings.

<sup>4</sup> A term of endearment.

<sup>5</sup> Blinding.

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the  
                    crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:  
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A park or lawn, with a gate leading to  
the palace.*

*Enter THREE MURDERERS.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he de-  
livers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest,

That are within the note of expectation,<sup>1</sup>  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE ; a Servant with a torch  
preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

*[assaults Banquo.*

*Ban.* O treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,  
fly ;

Thou mayst revenge.—O slave !

*[dies. Fleance and Servant escape.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way ?

3 *Mur.* There 's but one down ; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is  
done. *[Exeunt*

---

<sup>1</sup> Who are set down in the list of guests.

## SCENE IV.

*A room of state in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, LORDS, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees ; sit down :  
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state ;<sup>1</sup> but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*L. Macb.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends ;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter FIRST MURDERER, to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.—

Both sides are even. Here I 'll sit i' the midst ;  
Be large in mirth : anon, we 'll drink a measure  
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.  
Is he despatch'd ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Continues in her chair of state.

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut : that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;  
As broad and general as the casing air :  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that :—  
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled,  
Hath nature, that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone ; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

*L. Macb.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,  
'Tis given with welcome : to feed, were best at home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;



Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?

*[the Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor  
roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-  
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here's a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves  
your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*L. Macb.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep  
seat:

'The fit is momentary ; upon a thought<sup>1</sup>  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion.<sup>2</sup>  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*L. Macb.* O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said.  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws<sup>3</sup> and starts  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself !  
Why do you make such faces ? When all 's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !  
how say you ?——

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

*L. Macb.* What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*L. Macb.* Fie, for shame !

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden  
time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal :<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> As quick as thought.

<sup>2</sup> Prolong his suffering.

<sup>3</sup> Sudden gusts.

<sup>4</sup> Peaceable community.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

# MACBETH

*Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Banquo, Lennox, Ghost &c  
Act III. Scene IV.*



Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die  
And there an end; but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*L. Macb.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.—  
Do not muse<sup>1</sup> at me, my most worthy friends:  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to  
all;  
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine; fill  
full:——  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

*Ghost rises.*

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.<sup>2</sup>

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth  
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

---

<sup>1</sup> Wonder

<sup>2</sup> i. e. all good wishes to all.

*L. Macb.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare.  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger :  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
If trembling I inhibit<sup>1</sup> thee, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*L. Macb.* You have displaced the mirth, broke  
the good meeting  
With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome<sup>2</sup> us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder ? You make me  
strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,<sup>3</sup>  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord ?

*L. Macb.* I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse  
and worse ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Forbid.

<sup>2</sup> Pass over.

<sup>3</sup> Possess.

Question enrages him : at once, good night ;—  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty !

*L. Macb.* A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood ; they say, blood will  
have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
speak ;

Augurs, and understood relations,<sup>1</sup> have

By magot-pies,<sup>2</sup> and choughs,<sup>3</sup> and rooks, brought  
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

*L. Macb.* Almost at odds with morning, which *is*  
which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person,

At our great bidding ?

*L. Macb.* Did you send to him, sir ?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way ; but I will send.

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters :

More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to  
know,

---

<sup>1</sup> ' Connexion of effects with causes.'—Johnson.

<sup>2</sup> Magpies.

<sup>3</sup> Birds resembling jackdaws.

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own  
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.<sup>1</sup>

*L. Macb.* You lack the season of all natures,  
sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: my strange and  
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V.

*The heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter HECATE, meeting the THREE  
WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look **an**  
gerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you **are**,  
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,

---

• Examined nicely.



Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now : get you gone.  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning : thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms, and every thing beside :  
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
Great business must be wrought ere noon .  
Upon the corner of the moon  
'There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;<sup>1</sup>  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :  
And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
As, by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] 'Come away, come away.' &c.

---

<sup>1</sup> A drop that has profound or hidden qualities.

Hark ; I am call'd : my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 *Witch*. Come, let 's make haste ; she 'll soon be  
back again. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Fores. A room in the palace.*

*Enter LENOX and another LORD.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead ;  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,  
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance  
kill'd.

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !  
How it did grieve Macbeth ! Did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?  
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well : and I do think,  
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,

(As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not) they should  
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
'That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
'Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;  
'That, by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratify the work) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,<sup>1</sup>  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did; and with an absolute, 'Sir, not I,'  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back.

---

<sup>1</sup> !Honors freely bestowed.

And hums ; as who should say, ' You 'll rue the  
time

That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed !

*Lord.* I 'll send my prayers with him !  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*A dark cave : in the middle, a caldron boiling.*

*Thunder.* Enter THREE WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded <sup>1</sup> cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

---

<sup>1</sup> Spotted.

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot !

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

*2 Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake :  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;  
Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

*3 Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf.  
Witches' mummy ; maw and gulf<sup>1</sup>  
Of the ravin'd<sup>2</sup> salt-sea shark ;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab :  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>3</sup>  
For the ingredients of our caldron.

---

<sup>1</sup> The gulf is the throat or swallow

<sup>2</sup> Entrails.

<sup>3</sup> Ravenous.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter* HECATE *and the other* THREE WITCHES

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:——  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and mid-  
night hags?  
What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

Against the churches ; though the yesty <sup>1</sup> waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodged,<sup>2</sup> and trees blown  
down ;

Though castles topple <sup>3</sup> on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the trea-  
sure

Of nature's germins <sup>4</sup> tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

*Macb.* Call them ; let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come high or low ;

Thyself and office deftly <sup>5</sup> show.

---

<sup>1</sup> Foaming.

<sup>2</sup> Laid flat by the wind or rain.

<sup>3</sup> Tumble.

<sup>4</sup> Seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout.

<sup>5</sup> Adroitly.

*Thunder. An apparition of an armed head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;

Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.  
[*descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd<sup>1</sup> my fear aright. But one word  
more.

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : here's  
another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. An apparition of a bloody child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold,

And resolute : laugh to scorn the power of man ;

For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff ! What need I fear of  
thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

---

<sup>1</sup> To harp is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.



And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder. An apparition of a child crowned, with a  
tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [*descends.*]

*Macb.* That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest ;<sup>1</sup> bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements !  
good !

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom ?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

---

<sup>1</sup> Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed ?

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—  
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?

[*hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.*  
Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart:  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order;  
the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy air,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,  
eyes!

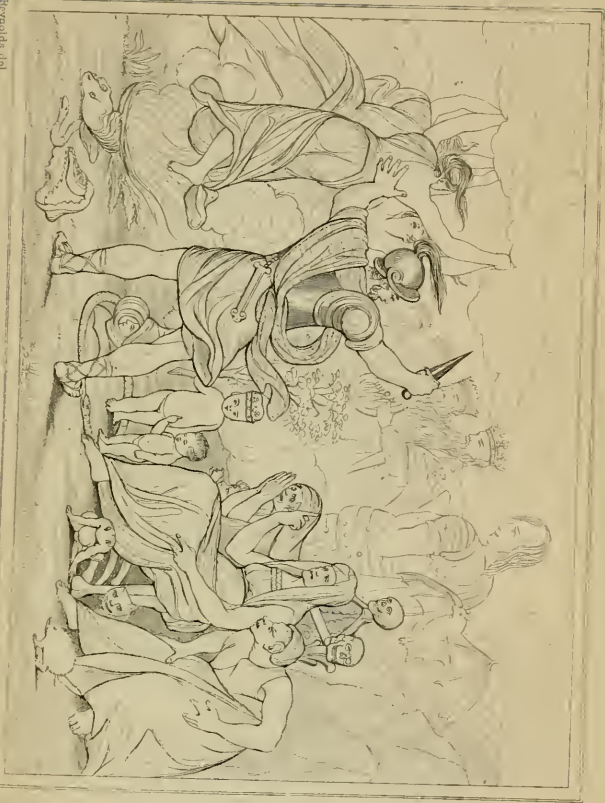
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?<sup>1</sup>

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shows me many more; and some I see,  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.  
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd<sup>2</sup> Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

---

• The dissolution of nature.

<sup>2</sup> Besmeared with blood.



Reynolds del

MILCHBERRY

Marble, Bristol, Wiltshire, No. 1

Starting 85



1 *Witch*. Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And show the best of our delights.  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this per-  
nicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did  
hear

The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipatest<sup>1</sup> my dread exploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook.

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand ; and even now

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;

Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :

But no more sights !<sup>2</sup>—Where are these gentlemen ?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.

*Fife.* A room in Macduff's castle.

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSSE.

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none :

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,

<sup>1</sup> Preventest, by taking away the opportunity.

<sup>2</sup> Magical illusions.

Our fears do make us traitors.<sup>1</sup>

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave  
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch:<sup>2</sup> for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
farther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

---

<sup>1</sup> Our flight is considered as an evidence of our treason.

<sup>2</sup> Natural affection.

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once. *[Exit Rosse.]*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead;  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net  
nor lime,

The pit-fall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they  
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for  
a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and  
yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so, is a traitor, and  
must be hanged.



*Son.* And must they all be halged, that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talkest!

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

I though in your state of honor I am perfect.<sup>1</sup>

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here: hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Though I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now,  
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm,  
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,  
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these  
faces?

*Enter MURDERERS.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

*Mur.* What, you egg? [*stabbing him.*]  
Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He has killed me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you. [*dies. Exit L. Macduff,*  
*crying Murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III.

*England.* A room in the King's palace.

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our down-fallen birthdom.<sup>1</sup> Each new  
morn,  
New widows howl new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolor.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend,<sup>2</sup> I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him  
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom<sup>3</sup>  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge.<sup>4</sup> But I shall crave your par-  
don:

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

---

<sup>1</sup> Birthright.      <sup>2</sup> Befriend.      <sup>3</sup> i. e. it is wisdom.

<sup>4</sup> A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution  
of a royal mandate.

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy  
wrongs;

Thy title is affeer'd!<sup>1</sup>—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

---

<sup>1</sup> Fully established.

Shall have more vices than it had before ;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be ?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean ; in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
'That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden,<sup>1</sup> malicious, smacking of every sin  
'That has a name : but there 's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
'The cistern of my lust ; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
'That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may

---

<sup>1</sup> Passionate.

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-  
wink.

We have willing<sup>1</sup> dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many,  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-composed affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands:  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
'Than summer-seeming<sup>1</sup> lust, and it hath been  
'The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear,  
Scotland hath foisons<sup>2</sup> to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own: all these are portable,<sup>3</sup>  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none. The king-becoming  
graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,

---

<sup>1</sup> Seeming as hot as summer.

<sup>2</sup> Plenty.

<sup>3</sup> May be endured.

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them ; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland ! Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne,  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore  
thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O, my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me

From over-credulous haste :<sup>1</sup> but God above  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;  
At **no time broke** my faith ; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow ; and delight  
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself : what I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command ;  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together ; and the chance, of goodness.  
Be like our warranted quarrel !<sup>2</sup> Why are you  
silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
once,  
"Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a DOCTOR.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,  
I pray you ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Over-hasty credulity.

<sup>2</sup> May the event be, through the mercy of Heaven, answerable to the justice of our cause.



*Doc.* Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure : their malady convinces <sup>1</sup>  
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil :  
A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,  
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,  
All swoll'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
Hanging a golden stamp <sup>2</sup> about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
'To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

---

<sup>1</sup> Overpowers, subdues.

<sup>2</sup> This was the coin called an angel.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes  
remove

The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country,  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the  
air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy;<sup>1</sup> the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What is the newest grief?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the  
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

---

<sup>1</sup> Common distress of mind.

*Rosse.* No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.  
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight.  
To doff<sup>1</sup> their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch<sup>2</sup> them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,<sup>3</sup>  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part

---

<sup>1</sup> Put off.

<sup>2</sup> Catch.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. a grief that has a single owner.

Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for  
ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surprised; your wife and  
babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry<sup>1</sup> of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful Heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

---

<sup>1</sup> Heep.

What, all, my pretty chickens, and their dam.  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.*

I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look  
on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them  
now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let  
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine  
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle  
Heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself:

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.*

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
may;

The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter a DOCTOR of physic, and a waiting GENTLE-  
WOMAN.*

*Doc.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gen.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doc.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gen.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doc.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gen.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.



1850

1850

THE  
LIFE OF  
THE  
LORD





*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doc.* How came she by that light?

*Gen.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doc.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gen.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doc.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gen.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*L. Macb.* Yet, here's a spot.

*Doc.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*L. Macb.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!<sup>1</sup>—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doc.* Do you mark that?

*L. Macb.* The thane of Fife had a wife; where is

---

<sup>1</sup> Dark.

she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doc.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gen.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*L. Macb.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O! O! O!

*Doc.* What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charged.

*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doc.* Well, well, well,—

*Gen.* Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doc.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*L. Macb.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doc.* Even so?

*L. Macb.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come; give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. *[Exit Lady Macbeth.]*

*Doc.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gen.* Directly.

*Doc.* Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician.—  
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her :—so, good night.  
My mind she has mated,<sup>1</sup> and amazed my sight :  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gen.*

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Men.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.<sup>2</sup>

*Ang.*

Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file  
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,

---

<sup>1</sup> Astonished, confounded.

<sup>2</sup> A hermit.

And many unrough<sup>1</sup> youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Men.* What does the tyrant;

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Men.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.  
Meet we the medecin<sup>2</sup> of the sickly weal;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

*[Exeunt marching.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Unbearded.

<sup>2</sup> Physician.

## SCENE III.

*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly  
all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits, that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me  
thus:—

'Fear not, Macbeth: no man, that's born of woman,  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'——Then fly, false  
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures.  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag<sup>1</sup> with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter SERVANT.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced  
loon!<sup>2</sup>

Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Ser.* There is ten thousand——

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy! What soldiers, patch?<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Sink.

<sup>2</sup> Base fellow.

<sup>3</sup> An appellation of contempt.

Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

*Ser.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton !—I am  
sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life

Is fallen into the sear,<sup>1</sup> the yellow leaf :

And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep ; mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare  
not

Seyton !——

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure ?

*Macb.* What news more ?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-  
ported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be  
hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses ; skirr<sup>2</sup> the country round :

---

Dry.

<sup>2</sup> Scour.

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doc.*

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.*

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Rase out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doc.*

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—  
Seyton, send out:—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—

Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say:—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?

*Doc.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.*

Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

*Doc.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Country near Dunsinane. A wood in view.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD  
and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,  
ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Men.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Men.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sol.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope :  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less<sup>1</sup> have given him the revolt ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Greater and less.



And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt marching.*]

## SCENE V.

*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH, SEYTON, and  
Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls:

The cry is still, 'They come.' Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forced with those that should be  
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that  
noise? [*a cry within of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears.  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell <sup>1</sup> of hair  
Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse, and stir,  
As life were in 't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

'Thou comest to use thy tongue : thy story **quickly**.

*Mes.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do 't.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mes.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

---

*Skm.*

*Macb.*

Liar and slave !

[*striking him*]

*Mes.* Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so :  
Within this three mile may you see it coming :  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
'Till famine cling thee ; if thy speech be sooth  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution ; and begin  
'To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth :—' Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane ;'—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum bell : blow, wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we 'll die with harness<sup>1</sup> on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A plain before the castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD,  
MACDUFF, &c. and their army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough ; your leavy screens throw  
down,

---

<sup>1</sup> Armour.

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them  
all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

*The same. Another part of the plain.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake: I cannot  
fly;  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD.*

*Y. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Y. Siw.* No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Y. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a  
title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Y. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my  
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[they fight, and young Siward is slain.]*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy  
face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine.

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes,<sup>1</sup> whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Mac-  
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited.<sup>2</sup> Let me find him, Fortune!

And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Light-armed infantry.

<sup>2</sup> Reported with clamor.

*Enter MALCOLM and OLD SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord;—the castle's gently  
render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and  
die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words :  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! [they fight.

*Macb.* Thou locest labor.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air<sup>1</sup>  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;<sup>2</sup>  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with  
thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,  
' Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I'll not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last : before my body

---

<sup>1</sup> The air which cannot be cut.

<sup>2</sup> Shuffle with ambiguous expressions.

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold! enough!'  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Florish. Re-enter, with Drums and Colors,*  
MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,  
CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss were safe  
arrived.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why, then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,



And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more :  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :  
And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on a pole.*

*Macd.* Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold,  
where stands  
The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,<sup>1</sup>  
That speak my salutation in their minds ;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland !

*All.* Hail, king of Scotland !

[*florish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-  
men,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honor named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. thy nobles ; the ornaments of thy kingdom.

Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

KING JOHN.

REH A B.

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## HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

## KING JOHN.

The materials of the present play are to be found in the Chronicles of Holinshed: Shakspeare, however, has closely followed the incidents of a former drama, intitled 'The troublesome Raigne of John king of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey: as it was sundry times publicly acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honourable Cittie of London.' This piece was printed anonymously in the year 1591: on its republication in 1611, the bookseller, for whom it was printed, fraudulently inserted the letters 'W. Sh.' in the title-page: and in a third edition in 1622, the name of 'William Shakspeare' is inserted at full length. Pope attributes the composition of this crude performance to the joint pens of Shakspeare and Rowley, though without stating his authority.

This tragedy is supposed by Malone to have been written in 1596, though it was not printed till 1623. It is the only one of our poet's uncontested plays that is not entered in the books of the Stationers' Company.

'The tragedy of King John,' says Dr. Johnson,

• though not written with the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity, which this author delighted to exhibit.'

## A R G U M E N T.

At the death of Richard Cœur de Lion, the English crown is seized by John from the feeble hands of his nephew Arthur, the rightful heir, whose claims are supported by Philip, king of France : the prospect of uniting the English territories with his own kingdom, by the marriage of the Dauphin with a niece of John, induces the French monarch to withdraw his protection from Arthur, when the arrival of a legate from the pope prevents the completion of the treaty, and rekindles the flames of war. Philip is defeated in a general engagement ; and Arthur, now a captive, is committed by his uncle to the custody of one Hubert, with secret orders to put him to death. Softened by the innocence and entreaties of the youth, Hubert ventures to disobey the cruel mandate ; Arthur loses his life in an endeavor to effect his escape from the castle in which he is confined : and his lifeless body is discovered by some discontented nobles, who are resolved to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of the tyrant by the desperate measure of inviting the Dauphin to assume the crown, under the sanction of the papal court. On the arrival of the young prince, John is compelled to purchase a disgraceful peace by a pusillanimous surrender of his regal dignity into the hands of the cardinal legate, who now hastens to arrest the progress of the Dauphin. The mediation proves ineffectual, and hostilities are about to recommence, when the intelligence of the loss of a large supply of French troops on the Goodwin Sands, together with the defection of the English auxiliaries, damps the ardor of the French prince, and disposes him to terms of peace. In the mean time John is poisoned by a monk, and is succeeded in his government by his son, Henry the Third.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his son; afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGWORD, earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the king.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his half-brother; bastard son to King Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso king of Castile, and niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.



# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Northampton. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX,  
SALISBURY, *and others*, with CHATILLON.

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France  
with us?

*Cha.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of  
France,

In my behavior,<sup>1</sup> to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the em-  
bassy.

*Cha.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island, and the territories;

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<sup>1</sup> In the manner I now do.

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine ;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this ?

*Cha.* The proud control of fierce and bloody  
war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood  
for blood,

Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

*Cha.* Then take my king's defiance from my  
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in  
peace :

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :

So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—

An honorable conduct let him have :—

Pembroke, look to't : farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son ? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son ?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love ;

Which now the manage<sup>1</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession and our right for  
us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than  
your right,  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me :  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;  
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers  
Essex.*

*Es.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
Come from the country to be judged by you,  
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

*K. John.* Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]  
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE. and  
PHILIP, his bastard brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you ?

*Bas.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou ?

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<sup>1</sup> Conduct. administration.

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulcon-bridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bas.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
But, for the certain knowlege of that truth,  
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame  
thy mother,  
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

*Bas.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.  
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow!—Why, being  
younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bas.* I know not why, except to get the land  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy.  
But whe'r<sup>1</sup> I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself,  
If old sir Robert did beget us both,

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<sup>1</sup> Whether

And were our father, and this son like him ;—  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent  
us here !

*Eli.* He hath a trick <sup>1</sup> of Cœur-de-lion's face ;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

*Bas.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father :  
With that half-face would he have all my land :  
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father  
lived,

Your brother did employ my father much :—

*Bas.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land :  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,

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<sup>1</sup> Trace, outline.

(As I have heard my father speak himself)  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;  
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;  
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not elaim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes;—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bas.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-  
bridge,  
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,



*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose  
form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great ;  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Bas.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your  
hand ;

My father gave me honor, yours gave land :—  
Now, blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet !—  
I am thy grandam, Richard ; eall me so.

*Bas.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth : what  
though ?

Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night ;  
And have is have, however men do catch :  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy  
desire ;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed  
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

*Bas.* Brother, adieu ! good fortune come to thee !  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was ;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—



‘ Good den,<sup>1</sup> sir Richard ! ’ — ‘ God-a-mercy, fellow ! ’ —

And if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter ;  
For new-made honor doth forget men’s names ;  
’Tis too respective,<sup>2</sup> and too sociable,  
For your conversion.<sup>3</sup> Now your traveller, —  
He and his tooth-pick at my worship’s mess ;  
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
My picked man of countries : <sup>4</sup> — ‘ My dear sir,’  
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin)  
‘ I shall beseech you.’ — That is question now ;  
And then comes answer like an ABC-book : —  
‘ O sir,’ says answer, ‘ at your best command ;  
At your employment ; at your service, sir : ’ —  
‘ No, sir,’ says question ; ‘ I, sweet sir, at yours : ’  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
(Saving in dialogue of compliment ;  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean, and the river Po)  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation ;  
(And so am I, whether I smack or no)  
And not alone in habit and device,

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<sup>1</sup> Good evening.

<sup>2</sup> Change of condition.

<sup>3</sup> Respectful.

<sup>4</sup> My travelled *fop*.

Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :  
Which though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?  
What woman-post is th's ? hath she no husband,  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

*Enter* LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me ! it is my mother.—How now, good lady ?  
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

*L. Faul.* Where is that slave, thy brother ? where  
is he,

That holds in chase mine honor up and down ?

*Bas.* My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?  
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

*L. Faul.* Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend  
boy,

Sir Robert's son : why scorn'st thou at sir Robert ?  
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

*Bas.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a-  
while ?

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bas.* Philip ?—sparrow !—James.  
There's toys<sup>1</sup> abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney*

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<sup>1</sup> Idle reports.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son ;  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast :  
Sir Robert could do well : marry, (to confess !)  
Could he get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;  
We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg..

*L. Faul.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother  
too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine  
honor ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

*Bas.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-  
like :<sup>1</sup>

What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;

Some proper man, I hope : who was it, mother ?

*L. Faul.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
bridge ?

*Bas.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*L. Faul.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
father :

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

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<sup>1</sup> A satire on a character in an old drama called Soliman and Perseda.

To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

*Bas.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege<sup>1</sup> on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly.  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives, and dares but say, thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

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<sup>1</sup> Are exempt from censure.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*France. Before the walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces ; on the other, PHILIP, king of France, and Forces ; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave :  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance <sup>1</sup> hither is he come,  
To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf ;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Ar.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love.  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

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<sup>1</sup> Importunity,

*Lew.* A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

*Aus.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love;  
That to my home I will no more return,  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders;  
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes;  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Con.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more requital to your love.

*Aus.* The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift  
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well, then, to work; our cannon shall  
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline.

To cull the plots of best advantages: <sup>1</sup>—

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

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<sup>1</sup> To mark such stations as may best overawe the town.

Wade to the market-place in Frenchinen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Con.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.  
My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

*Chu.* Then turn your forces from this paltry  
siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I.  
His marches are expedient<sup>1</sup> to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Até,<sup>2</sup> stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceased:

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<sup>1</sup> Immediate, expeditious.

<sup>2</sup> Até was the goddess of revenge

And all the unsettled humors of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
'To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
'To do offence and scath<sup>1</sup> in Christendom.  
'The interruption of their churlish drums

[drums beat.]

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
'To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aus.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavor for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion.  
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

*Enter* KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

*K. John.* Peace be to France; if France in peace  
permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

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<sup>1</sup> Mischief.



Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

*K. Phi.* Peace be to England; if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace!  
England we love; and, for that England's sake,  
With burden of our armour here we sweat:  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast underwrought<sup>1</sup> his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief<sup>2</sup> into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,  
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,  
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe<sup>3</sup> the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great com-  
mission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal Judge, that stirs  
good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,

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<sup>1</sup> Undermined.

<sup>2</sup> Short writing.

<sup>3</sup> Own.

'To look into the blots and stains of right.  
'That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

*Con.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
'That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

*Con.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,  
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot:  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy  
father.

*Con.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would  
blot thee.

*Aus.* Peace!

*Bas.* Hear the crier.

*Aus.* What the devil art thou?

*Bas.* One that will play the devil. sir. with you,  
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,

'That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

*Bas.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;  
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aus.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all ;—

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

*K. John.* My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand :

And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Con.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.

'There's a good grandam !

*Ar.* Good my mother, peace !

I would, that I were low laid in my grave :

I am not worth this coil<sup>1</sup> that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Con.* Now shame upon you, whe'r<sup>2</sup> she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:

Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

*Con.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Con.* I have but this to say;—  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her,

---

<sup>1</sup> Tumult

<sup>2</sup> Whether.

And with her plague, her sin ; his injury  
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her ; a plague upon her !

*Eli.* 'Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Con.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked  
will ;

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady ; pause, or be more tempe-  
rate :

It ill beseems this presenee, to cry aim<sup>1</sup>  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter CITIZENS upon the walls.*

*1 Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the  
walls ?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's  
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.<sup>2</sup>

*K. John.* For our advantage ;—therefore, hear us  
first.

---

<sup>1</sup> To give encouragement.

<sup>2</sup> Conference.

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
All preparation for a bloody siege,  
And merciless proceeding by these French,  
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd checks,—  
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parole :  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears :  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labor'd spirits,  
Forwearied <sup>1</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harborage within your city walls.

---

<sup>1</sup> Worn out

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us  
both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town;  
Being no farther enemy to you,  
'Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
To him that owes<sup>1</sup> it; namely, this young prince:  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure<sup>2</sup> of your old-faced walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
Though all these English, and their discipline,

---

<sup>1</sup> Owns.

<sup>2</sup> Circle.

Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challenged it;  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's  
subjects :

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me  
in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the  
king,

To him will we prove loyal : till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove  
the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—  
*Bas.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as  
those,——

*Bas.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is wor-  
thiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those  
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,



In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

*Bas.* Saint George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, [*to Austria.*] with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Aus.* Peace; no more.

*Bas.* O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Bas.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so;—[*to Lewis.*] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Alarums and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a FRENCH HERALD, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth ;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter an ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
bells ;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood :  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France ;  
Our colors do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes :  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies, whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Estimated.

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
fronted power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh so  
even.

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his power, ELI-  
NOR, BLANCH, and the BASTARD ; at the other,  
KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to  
cast away ?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on ?

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores :

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not saved one drop  
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;

Rather lost more : and by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms ~~we~~  
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;

Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bas.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermined differences of kings.  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?  
Cry havoc,<sup>1</sup> kings ! back to the stained field,  
You equal potents,<sup>2</sup> fiery-kindled spirits !  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and  
death !

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet  
admit ?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England ; who's  
your king ?

*1 Cit.* The king of England, when we know the  
king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his  
right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here ;  
Lord of our presence,<sup>3</sup> Angiers, and of you.

*1 Cit.* A greater power than we denies all this ;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :

---

<sup>1</sup> Command slaughter to proceed.

<sup>2</sup> Potentates.

<sup>3</sup> In our own right.

King'd of our fears ; until our fears, resolved,  
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

*Bas.* By heaven, these scroyles<sup>1</sup> of Angiers flout  
you, kings ;

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be ruled by me :  
Do, like the mutines<sup>2</sup> of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;  
'Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colors once again ;  
'Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion ;  
'To whom in favor she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?  
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Scurvy fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Mutineers.

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Bas.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aus.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder, from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bas.* O prudent discipline! From north to south!  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*aside.*

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;  
Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field.  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favor; we are bent to hear.

*1 Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is near to England : look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?  
If zealous <sup>1</sup> love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete :  
If not complete, O, say, he is not she ;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he :  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she ;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in :  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
'Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
'This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pious.

With swifter spleen<sup>1</sup> than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bas.* Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and  
bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France.  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction; make this  
match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,

---

<sup>1</sup> Speed.



That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France.  
Mark, how they whisper; urge them, while their  
souls  
Are capable of this ambition;  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*I Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea  
(Except this city now by us besieged)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
In titles, honors, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.  
I do protest, I never loved myself,  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*whispers with Blanch.*]

*Bas.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!--  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,  
And quarter'd in her heart!--he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should  
be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
your judge)  
That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What  
say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honor still to do  
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you  
love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine  
Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee ; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well : young princes, close  
your hands.

*Aus.* And your lips too ; for, I am well assured,  
That I did so, when I was first assured.<sup>1</sup>

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates ;  
Let in that amity which you have made ;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemnised.  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—  
I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much.  
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your highness'  
tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,  
Will give her sadness very little cure.  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Affianced.

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of. Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity. I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

*[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.]*

*Bas.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part:  
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier) rounded <sup>1</sup> in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of  
that;—

---

<sup>1</sup> Whispered.

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,<sup>1</sup>—

Commodity, the bias of the world ;  
The world, who of itself is peised <sup>2</sup> well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground ;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent ;  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid.  
From a resolved and honorable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
And why rail I on this commodity ?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels <sup>3</sup> would salute my palm ;  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord ; for I will worship thee ! *[Exit.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Interest.

<sup>2</sup> Poised.

<sup>3</sup> Gold coin.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*The same. The French king's tent.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Con.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard.

Be well advised; tell o'er thy tale again.

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;

I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me;

For I am sick, and capable<sup>1</sup> of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

---

<sup>1</sup> Susceptible.

But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false.  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Con.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art  
thou?

France friend with England! what becomes of  
me?—

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Con.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Ar.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Con.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert  
grim,  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless <sup>1</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,<sup>2</sup>  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content ;  
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast.  
And with the half-blown rose : but Fortune, O !  
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee ;  
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John ;  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John.  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,  
And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to underbear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam ;

I may not go without you to the kings.

*Con.* Thou mayst, thou shalt ; I will not go with  
thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;  
For grief is proud, and makes its owner stoop.

---

<sup>1</sup> Unsightly.

<sup>2</sup> Portentous.



To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;  
Here is my throne ; bid kings come bow to it.

*[she throws herself on the ground.]*

*Enter* KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,  
ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and *Attendants*.

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed  
day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :  
To solemnise this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ;  
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holyday.

*Con.* A wicked day, and not a holyday ! *[rising.]*  
What hath this day deserved ? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high tides, in the calendar ?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week ;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Be disappointed by the production of a prodigy or monster.

But<sup>1</sup> on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break, that are not this day made:  
This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no  
cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Con.* You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and  
tried,

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.

The grappling vigor and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured  
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aus.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Con.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a  
war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame

---

<sup>1</sup> Except.

That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,

And soothest up greatness! What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side;

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength;

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it<sup>1</sup> for shame,

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aus.* O, that a man should speak those words to  
me!

*Bas.* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*Aus.* Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bas.* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant  
limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget  
thyself.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

---

<sup>1</sup> Throw it off.

*Pan.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !  
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?  
This, in our foresaid holy father's name  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more ;—that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
But, as we under Heaven are supreme head ;  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in  
this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of  
Christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
'This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pan.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate ;  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to a heretic ;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonised, and worship'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Con.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !  
Good father cardinal, cry thou Amen  
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pan.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my  
curse.

*Con.* And for mine too ; when law can do no  
right,  
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;  
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law.  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*Pan.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse.  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;

And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go  
thy hand.

*Con.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aus.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bas.* And hang a calf's skin on his recreant  
limbs.

*Aus.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
wrongs,

Because——

*Bas.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Con.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend.  
Forego the ensier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Con.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee  
here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her  
faith,

But from her need.

*Con.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,——  
That faith would live again by death of need:

O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is moved, and answers not to this.

*Con.* O, be removed from him; and answer well.

*Ans.* Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

*Bus.* Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet lout!

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pan.* What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-  
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings.

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seisure, and this kind regret? <sup>1</sup>  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pan.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A cased lion<sup>2</sup> by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost  
hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my  
faith.

*Pan.* So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

---

<sup>1</sup> Exchange of salutation.

<sup>2</sup> A lion irritated by confinement.



Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd :  
That is, to be the champion of our church !  
What since thou sworest, is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself :  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss, when it is truly done ;  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill.  
The truth is then most done not doing it.  
The better act of purposes mistook  
Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire.  
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;  
But thou hast sworn against religion ;  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou  
    swear'st ;  
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear !  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :  
And better conquest never canst thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against those giddy, loose suggestions :  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them ; but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;  
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aus.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!

*Bas.* Will't not be?

Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lew.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd  
men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—  
Clamors of hell,—be measures<sup>1</sup> to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new  
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-  
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Con.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Forethought by Heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love. What motive  
may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Con.* That which upholdeth him that thee up-  
holds;

---

<sup>1</sup> Accompanying

His honor; O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

*Lew.* I muse,<sup>1</sup> your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pan.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall  
from thee.

*Con.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.

*Bas.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
Time;—

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day,  
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* 'There where my fortune lives, there my  
life dies.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wonder.

*K. John.* Cousin, go, draw our puissance<sup>1</sup> together.— [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition:—  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou  
shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.  
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threatens.—To  
arms let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter THE BASTARD, with  
Austria's head.*

*Bas.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous  
hot;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes.

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make  
up:

---

<sup>1</sup> Forces.

My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Bas.* My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety; fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labor to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN,  
ELINOR, ARTHUR, THE BASTARD, HUBERT, and  
Lords.*

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind, [*to Elinor.*]  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
[*to Arthur.*]

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Ar.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, [*to the Bastard.*] away for Eng-  
land; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; angels<sup>1</sup> imprisoned  
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

---

<sup>1</sup> Gold coin.

*Bas.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>1</sup> shall not drive me  
back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray  
(if ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.*

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*she takes Arthur aside.*]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle  
Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say ;—but let it go :

---

<sup>1</sup> The fear of excommunication.

The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,<sup>1</sup>  
To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy race of night ;  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;  
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes)  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit <sup>2</sup> alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
Then, in despite of brooded <sup>3</sup> watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :  
But, ah, I will not :—yet I love thee well ;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lovest me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I'd do 't.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou wouldst ?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

---

<sup>1</sup> Showy ornaments.

<sup>2</sup> Conception, thought.

<sup>3</sup> For brooding.

On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend ;  
He is a very serpent in my way ;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee :  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.  
Remember.—Madam, fare you well ;  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. John.* For England, cousin, go :  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. The French king's tent.*

*Enter* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and  
*Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado<sup>1</sup> of convicted<sup>2</sup> sail

---

<sup>1</sup> Fleet of war.

<sup>2</sup> Destroyed.



Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pan.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example. Who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,

So we could find some partner of our shame.

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

*Con.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle  
Constance!

*Con.* No, I defy<sup>1</sup> all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death.—O amiable, lovely death!

---

<sup>1</sup> Refuse.

'Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
'Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself.  
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smilest,  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,  
O, come to me !

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

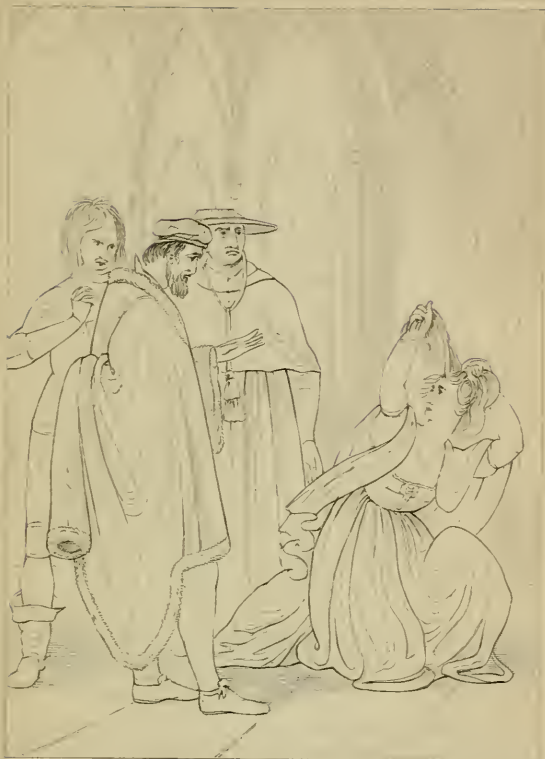
*Con.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
'Then with a passion would I shake the world ;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern <sup>1</sup> invocation.

*Pan.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Con.* Thou art not holy to belie me so ;  
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;  
My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ,  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :  
I am not mad ;—I would to Heaven, I were !  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canonised, cardinal ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Common.



Westall del.

Stirling sc.

KING JOHN

*Constance, Philip Louis & Pandulph.*

*Act III. Scene IV*



For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses. O, what love I  
note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen.  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

*Con.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Con.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do  
it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,  
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
'That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,<sup>1</sup>  
There was not such a gracious<sup>2</sup> creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pan.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Con.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief as of your  
child.

*Con.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.  
I will not keep this form upon my head,  
[tearing off her head-dress.  
When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Breathe.

<sup>2</sup> Graceful.

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me  
joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet word's  
taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

*Pan.* Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pan.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no : when Fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange to think how much king John hath lost

In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner ?

*Lew.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pan.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.

John hath seised Arthur ; and it cannot be,

That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplaced John should entertain an hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.  
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
'That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall:  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pan.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pan.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:  
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,  
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;  
That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape of nature,<sup>1</sup> no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

---

<sup>1</sup> No monstrous birth.



*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pan.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks, I see this hurly<sup>1</sup> all on foot;  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
Than I have named? The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent:  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,  
For England go; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions. Let  
us go:

If you say Ay, the king will not say No. [*Exeunt.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Tumult.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Northampton. A room in the castle.*

*Enter HUBERT and TWO ATTENDANTS.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras :<sup>1</sup> when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*1 Att.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Ar.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Ar.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Ar.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

---

<sup>1</sup> Tapestry.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I would be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me.  
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven,  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*aside.*

*Ar.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.  
Read here, young Arthur. [*showing a paper.*] How  
now, foolish rheum! [*aside.*

Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ? •

*Ar.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Ar.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Ar.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your  
grief?'

Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:  
If Heaven be pleased that you will use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine  
eyes?—

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Ar.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him; no tongue, but  
Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. [*stamps.*]

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Ar.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are  
out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Ar.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1 Att.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Ar.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Ar.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Ar.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Ar.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Ar.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used

In undeserved extremes.<sup>1</sup> See else yourself:

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Ar.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,

---

<sup>1</sup> In acts of cruelty which I have not deserved.

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.<sup>1</sup>  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live : I will not touch thine  
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.<sup>2</sup>  
Yet am I sworn ; and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Ar.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu ;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
I'll fill these dogged <sup>3</sup> spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Ar.* O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : go closely <sup>4</sup> in with me :  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Set him on.

<sup>2</sup> Possesses.

<sup>3</sup> Sullen.

<sup>4</sup> Secretly.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness  
pleased,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard<sup>1</sup> a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smoothe the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told;  
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

---

<sup>1</sup> To ornament with a border or lace.



*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured :  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;  
Startles and frights consideration ;  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than  
    well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness :<sup>1</sup>  
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breathed our counsel : but it pleased your high-  
    ness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleased,  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;  
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear)  
I shall indue you with. Meantime, but ask  
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;  
And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

---

<sup>1</sup> In an eager emulation.

*Pem.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,

To sound<sup>1</sup> the purposes of all their hearts)  
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies) heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument;—  
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise?  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,  
Than whereupon our weal, on your depending,  
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

---

<sup>1</sup> Declare.

The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;  
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The color of the king doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue  
thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong  
hand.

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.  
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he  
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick.  
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—  
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which owed <sup>1</sup> the breath of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent:  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life achieved by others' death.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.  
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

*Mes.* From France to England. Never such a  
power

For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land.  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been  
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France.  
And she not hear of it?

*Mes.*

My liege, her ear

---

<sup>1</sup> Owned.

Is stopp'd with dust : the first of April, died  
Your noble mother ; and, as I hear, my iord,  
The lady Constance in a frensy died  
Three days before : but this from rumor's tongue  
I idly heard ; if true or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased  
My discontented peers ! What ! mother dead ?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France !—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France  
That thou for truth givest out, are landed here ?

*Mes.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter THE BASTARD and PETER OF POMFRET.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bas.* But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin ; for I was  
amazed

Under the tide : but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bas.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied ;  
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams ;

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :  
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
'That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst  
thou so ?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out  
so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety,<sup>1</sup> and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived ?

*Bas.* The French, my lord ; men's mouths are  
full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies :  
I have a way to win their loves again.

---

<sup>1</sup> Safe custody.

Bring them before me.

*Bas.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Bas.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman.

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
And be thou he.

*Mes.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were seen  
to-night;

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist.  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean, unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord ? why, did you not pro-  
voke me ?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By siaves, that take their humors for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life ;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humor than advised respect.<sup>1</sup>

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

---

<sup>1</sup> Deliberate consideration.



*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted,<sup>1</sup> and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind :

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,——

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or  
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

And bid me tell my tale in express words ;

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break  
off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in  
me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

---

<sup>1</sup> Distinguished.

And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive. This land of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought :  
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the  
peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience.  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste :  
. conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR on the walls.*

*Ar.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!  
'There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.  
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

*[leaps down.]*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!  
*[dies.]*

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-  
Bury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
Whose private<sup>1</sup> with me, of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Bi.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

---

<sup>1</sup> Private account.

*Sal.* Or, rather, then set forward ; for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter THE BASTARD.*

*Bas.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd<sup>1</sup>  
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

*Bas.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now.

*Bas.* But there is little reason in your grief ;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bas.* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison. What is he lies here ?

[*seeing Arthur.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
beauty !

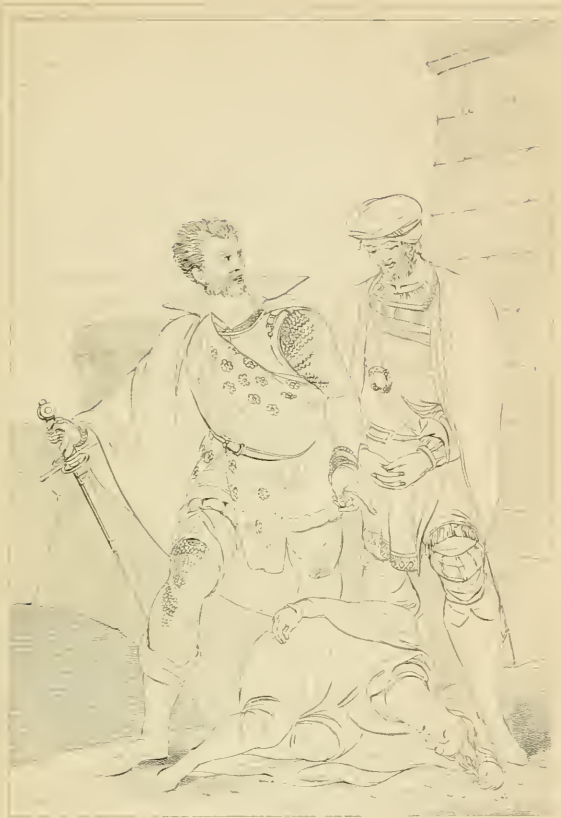
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Bi.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

---

<sup>1</sup> Out of humor.





Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.<sup>1</sup>

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excused in this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;<sup>2</sup>

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

*Bas.* It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue.

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

The practice and the purpose of the king,

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pity.

<sup>2</sup> Of all future times.

And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;—  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship<sup>1</sup> of revenge.

*Pem. Bi.* Our souls religiously confirm thy  
words.

*Enter* HUBERT.

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.  
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ?

[drawing his sword.]

*Bas.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury ; stand back, I  
say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bi.* Out, dunghill ! darest thou brave a nobleman ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Dignity, honor.



*Hub.* Not for my life ; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so :<sup>1</sup>  
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bas.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bas.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Bi.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-  
bridge ?

Second a villain and a murderer ?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Bi.* Who kill'd this prince ?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.  
I honor'd him, I loved him, and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum ;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor

---

<sup>1</sup> By compelling me to kill you.

The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Bi.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bas.* Here 's a good world !—Knew you of this  
fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bas.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;  
'Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so  
black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,——

*Bas.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown  
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
I left him well.

*Bas.*            Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amazed, methinks ; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easy dost thou take all England up !  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left  
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
The unowed<sup>1</sup> interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture<sup>2</sup> can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed : I'll to the king.  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand ;  
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Unowned.

<sup>2</sup> Girdle.

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pan*

Take again

*[giving John the crown,*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go, meet  
the French;

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.  
Our discontented counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humor  
Rests by you only to be qualified.  
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pan.* It was my breath that blew this tempest  
up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite,<sup>1</sup>  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the  
prophet  
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter THE BASTARD.*

*Bas.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds  
out  
But Dover castle: London hath received,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me  
again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bas.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
streets;

---

<sup>1</sup> Convert.

An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did  
live.

*Bas.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviors from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field.  
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?  
And fright him there, and make him tremble  
there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage,<sup>1</sup> and run  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with  
me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers

---

<sup>1</sup> Go abroad.

Led by the Dauphin.

*Bas.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd<sup>1</sup> silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colors idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present  
time.

*Bas.* Away then, with good courage: yet, I  
know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A plain near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent to these lords again;

---

<sup>1</sup> Fuddled.

That, having our fair order written down.  
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemnu'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
Where honorable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.  
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends!  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
Wherein we step after a stranger, march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot<sup>1</sup> of this enforced cause)  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,

---

<sup>1</sup> Stain, disgrace.



And follow unacquainted colors here?  
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
'That Neptune's arms, who clippeth<sup>1</sup> thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowlege of thyself,  
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
'The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to-spend it so unneighborly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!<sup>2</sup>  
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation:  
But this effusion of such manly drops;  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed,  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
That never saw the giant world enraged;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

---

<sup>1</sup> Embraceth.

<sup>2</sup> Love of country.

Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pan.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
The next is this ;—king John hath reconciled  
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no farther harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me ; I will not back :  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;  
and now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart :  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
Because that John hath made his peace with  
Rome ?

Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome  
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action ? Is 't not I,  
That undergo this charge ? Who else but I,  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
*Vive le Roy !* as I have bank'd their towns ?  
Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?  
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pan.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,

'To outlook<sup>1</sup> conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter THE BASTARD, attended.*

*Bas.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak.  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pan.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporise with my entreaties:  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bas.* By all the blood that ever fury breathed,  
The youth says well. Now hear our English king:  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepared; and reason too, he should:  
'This apish and unmannerly approach,  
'This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
'This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,  
'The king doth smile at; and is well prepared  
'To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand, which had the strength, even at your  
door,

---

<sup>1</sup> Face down by a show of magnanimity.

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;<sup>1</sup>  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,<sup>2</sup>  
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—  
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy<sup>3</sup> towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needs<sup>4</sup> to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave,<sup>5</sup> and turn thy face in  
peace.

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well.  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabblor.

*Pan.* Give me leave to speak.

---

<sup>1</sup> Leap over the hatch.

<sup>2</sup> At the crowing of a cock.

<sup>3</sup> Nest.

<sup>4</sup> Needles.

<sup>5</sup> Boast.

*Bas.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither.  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bas.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
out;

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start  
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine:  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger  
out.

*Bas.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin; do not  
doubt. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A field of battle.*

*Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me,  
Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

*Mes.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard but even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stored with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Me.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Me.* Fly, noble English; you are bought and  
sold:

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Me.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life;  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?<sup>1</sup>  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the images made by witches.



Why should I then be false, since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun;—  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumor of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee;—and, beshrew my  
soul,

But I do love the favor and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends ! New flight ;  
And happy newness,<sup>1</sup> that intends old right.

[*Excunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.

*The same. The French camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath  
to set ;  
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measured backward their own  
ground,  
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;  
And wound our tattering colors clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

*Lew.* Here. What news ?

*Mes.* The count Melun is slain ; the English lords,  
By his persuasion, are again fallen off ;  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

---

<sup>1</sup> Innovation.

Are cast away, and sunk on Goodwin sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,  
King John did fly, an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mes.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*An open place in the neighborhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter THE BASTARD and HUBERT, meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly,  
or I shoot.

*Bas.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bas.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee? Why may not I  
demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bas.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought.

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

*Bas.* Who thou wilt : an if thou please,  
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance ! thou and eyeless  
night  
Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bas.* Come, come ; sans<sup>1</sup> compliment, what news  
abroad ?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of  
night,  
To find you out.

*Bas.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bas.* Show me the very wound of this ill news :  
I am no woman ; I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bas.* How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bas.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Without.

*Hub.* Why, know you not? The lords are all  
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company ;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them :  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bas.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide :  
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them ;  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped.  
Away, before ! conduct me to the king :  
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*The orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

*P. Hen.* It is too late ; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak ; and holds  
belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death  
should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for you are  
born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-  
room;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast  
off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you  
much;

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,<sup>1</sup>  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my  
tears,  
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot;  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannise  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter THE BASTARD.*

*Bas.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine  
eye:

---

<sup>1</sup> Narrow, avaricious.

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should  
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair.  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
And module<sup>1</sup> of confounded royalty.

*Bas.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;  
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer  
him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove.  
Were in the washes, all unwarily  
Devour'd by the unexpected flood. [*the king dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
car.

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so  
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

*Bas.* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge ;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right  
spheres,

---

<sup>1</sup> Model.



Where be your powers? Show now your mended  
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought.  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as  
we.

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin.  
And brings from him such offers of our peace,  
As we with honor and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bas.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal;  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bas.* Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spared,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bas.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeathe my faithful services,  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you  
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bas.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us  
rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [*Excunt.*

**KING RICHARD II.**



HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

KING RICHARD II.

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This play comprises little more than the last two years of the reign of Richard II. The action of the drama commences with Bolingbroke's challenge to Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which took place in 1398, and it concludes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret castle towards the end of 1400, or the beginning of the following year. Holinshed furnished the facts which the poet dramatised : the speech of the bishop of Carlisle in favor of Richard's divine right, and exemption from human jurisdiction, is copied, almost *verbatim*, from that old historian.

The year 1593 is the date assigned by Malone to the production of this drama, which was printed four times during the life-time of our author ; the first two editions appearing in 1597 and 1598, without the scene of the deposition, which was first appended in 1608. The next impression was that of 1615.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised ; but as suc-

cess in works of invention is not always proportionate to labor, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies. nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.'

## A R G U M E N T .

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Henry Bolingbroke, eldest son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, accuses Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, of high treason, and, in confirmation of his assertion, challenges him to single combat, which is eagerly accepted by his opponent. At the appointed time, the combatants enter the lists, and the conflict is about to commence, when the king interposes, and pronounces a sentence of perpetual banishment on Norfolk, while the exile of Bolingbroke is limited to the period of six years. Shortly after the departure of his son, John of Gaunt dies, and his property and estates are unjustly seised by the indigent monarch. Stung by this scandalous act of oppression, Bolingbroke takes advantage of the king's absence in Ireland, and arrives in England, where, by his artful professions of loyalty, together with solemn protestations of circumscribing his views within the reasonable demand of a repeal of his exile and a recovery of his patrimony, he insensibly acquires a power too formidable to be resisted; and the unfortunate Richard is compelled to resign his crown into the hands of his cousin; after which he is confined in Pomfret castle, where he is put to death by the connivance of Bolingbroke.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, duke of York ; }  
 JOHN OF GAUNT, duke of Lancaster ; } uncles to the king.

HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke duke of Hereford, son to John  
 of Gaunt ; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the duke of York.

MOWERAY, duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL BERKLEY.

BUSHY, }  
 BAGOT, } creatures to King Richard.  
 GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, his son.

LORD RCES. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE. ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL ; and another Lord.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,  
 Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
KING RICHARD II.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

*London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *attended*; JOHN OF GAUNT, *and*  
*other Nobles, with him.*

*K. Ri.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,<sup>1</sup>  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*K. Ri.* Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded  
him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

---

<sup>1</sup> Bond.

Or worthily as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

*K. Ri.* Then call them to our presence: face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and  
NORFOLK.*

*Bol.* Many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*K. Ri.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters  
us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Bol.* First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appelland to this princely presence.  
Now, 'Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee.  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
'Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
'The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may  
prove.

*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my  
zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;  
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;

Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;  
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable<sup>1</sup>  
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Bol.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength  
As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop.  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Nor.* I take it up; and, by that sword I  
swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:  
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Ri.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
charge?  
It must be great, that can inherit<sup>2</sup> us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

---

<sup>1</sup> Uninhabitable.

<sup>2</sup> Possess.

*Bol.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true ;—

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd<sup>1</sup> employments.  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and  
spring.

Farther, I say,—and farther will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
'That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death ;  
Suggest<sup>2</sup> his soon-believing adversaries ;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of  
blood ;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me, for justice and rough chastisement ;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Ri.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,

---

<sup>1</sup> Wicked

<sup>2</sup> Prompt.

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*K. Ri.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
(As he is but my father's brother's son)  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*Nor.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,  
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;  
The other part reserved I by consent;  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:  
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—  
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,  
The honorable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life;  
A trespass, that doth vex my grieved soul:  
But, ere I last received the sacrament,  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd  
It issues from the rancor of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :  
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your highness to assign our trial day.

*K. Ri.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :  
This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;  
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.  
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age.  
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Ri.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry ? when ?  
Obedience bids ; I should not bid again.

*K. Ri.* Norfolk, throw down : we bid ; there is  
no boot.<sup>1</sup>

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy  
foot :

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<sup>1</sup> No advantage in delay.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :  
The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave)  
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled here ;  
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breathed this poison.

*K. Ri.* Rage must be withstood.  
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but  
my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is—spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honor from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Ri.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Bol.* O, God defend my soul from such foul  
sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong.



Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive <sup>1</sup> of recanting fear;  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face.  
[*Exit Gaunt.*]

*K. Ri.* We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon saint Lanibert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
S'nce we cannot atone <sup>2</sup> you, we shall see  
Justice design <sup>3</sup> the victor's chivalry.  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room in the Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;

---

<sup>1</sup> Instrument.

<sup>2</sup> Reconcile.

<sup>3</sup> Mark cut.

Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper  
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut.  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded  
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that  
womb,

'That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee.  
Made him a man; and though thou livest and  
breathest,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle—patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* Heaven's is the quarrel; for Heaven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,  
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,  
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Duch.* Yet one word more:—grief boundeth  
where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?  
'Therefore commend me; let him not come there,  
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.*

*Enter LORD MARSHAL and AUMERLE.*

*Mar.* My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Au.* Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Au.* Why, then, the champions are prepared. and  
stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Florish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne ; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Ri.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms :  
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say who  
thou art,  
And why thou comest, thus knightly clad in arms ;  
Against what man thou comest, and what thy  
quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;  
As so defend thee Heaven, and thy valor !

*Nor.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which, Heaven defend, a knight should violate !)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

*[he takes his seat.*

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*K. Ri.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;  
And formally according to our law  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name? and wherefore comest  
thou hither,  
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy  
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

*Bol.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by Heaven's grace, and my body's valor,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of Heaven, king Richard, and to me;  
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;  
Except the marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Bol.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty;  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage:  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave.

And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Ri.* We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Bol.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear

For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear

As confident, as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, [*to Lord Marshal.*] I take my leave of you;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—

Not sick, although I have to do with death;

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—[*to Gaunt.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up

To reach at victory above my head;—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,

Even in the lusty 'havior of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make thee  
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque<sup>1</sup>  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood ; be valiant, and live.

*Bol.* Mine innocency, and saint George to thrive !  
[*he takes his seat.*]

*Nor.* [*rising.*] However Heaven or Fortune cast  
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :  
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,  
Go I to fight : Truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Ri.* Farewell, my lord : securely I espy  
Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.—  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*the King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

*Mar.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

---

<sup>1</sup> Helmet.



Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

*Bol.* [*rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—  
Amen.

*Mar.* Go, bear this lance [*to an Officer.*] to  
Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of  
Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;  
Courageously, and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-  
batants. [*a charge sounded.*]  
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder<sup>1</sup> down.

*K. Ri.* Let them lay by their helmets and their  
spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again.  
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,  
While we return these dukes what we decree.—  
[*a long flourish.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Truncheon.

Draw near, [to the combatants.]  
And list, what with our council we have done.  
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbors' swords ;  
And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set you on  
'To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;  
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,  
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—  
'Therefore we banish you our territories.  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,  
'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Bol.* Your will be done. This must my comfort  
be,——

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;  
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Ri.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :  
The sly-slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile :  
The hopeless word of—Never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :  
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years  
My native English, now I must forego :  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;  
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,  
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips ;  
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my jailer to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse ;  
Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
Which robs my tongue from breathing native  
breath ?

*K. Ri.* It boots thee not to be compassionate ;<sup>1</sup>  
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's  
light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*[retiring.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> To move compassion.

*K. Ri.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands :  
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)  
To keep the oath that we administer :—  
You never shall (so help you truth and Heaven !)  
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
Nor never look upon each other's face ,  
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

*Bol.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Bol.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy ;<sup>1</sup>  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.  
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm :  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Nor.* No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !  
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know ;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue

---

<sup>1</sup> So far as a man may speak to his enemy.

Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;  
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

*K. Ri.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away :—six frozen winters spent,  
Return [*to Bolingbroke.*] with welcome home from  
banishment.

*Bol.* How long a time lies in one little word !  
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
End in a word ; such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile :  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
Can change their moons, and bring their times  
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Ri.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to  
live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst  
give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :

Thy word is current with him for my death ;  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Ri.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.<sup>1</sup>  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
sour.

You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather,  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smoothe his fault I should have been more mild :  
A partial slander<sup>2</sup> sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*K. Ri.* Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him  
so :

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*florish.* *Exeunt K. Richard and train.*

*Au.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not  
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

*Mar.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

---

<sup>1</sup> You had a share in the verdict.

<sup>2</sup> The reproach of partiality.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Bol.* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Bol.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

*Bol.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

*Bol.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Bol.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me, what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages; and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of Heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not, the king did banish thee,

But thou the king : woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honor ;  
And not—the king exiled thee : or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.  
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence<sup>1</sup>  
                  strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance :  
For gnarling<sup>2</sup> sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Bol.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast ?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son ; I'll bring thee on  
                  thy way :  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

---

<sup>1</sup> The presence-chamber at court.

<sup>2</sup> Growing.



*Bol.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet  
soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can;—

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A room in the king's castle.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE  
*following.*

*K. Ri.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Au.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him *so*,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*K. Ri.* And, say, what store of parting tears were  
shed?

*Au.* Faith, none for me:<sup>1</sup> except the north-east  
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awaked the sleeping rheum; and *so*, by chance,  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*K. Ri.* What said our cousin, when you parted  
with him?

*Au.* Farewell;

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me *craft*

---

<sup>1</sup> None on my part.

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd  
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*K. Ri.* He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observed his courtship to the common people:—  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With — 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
friends!'

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone; and with him go these  
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—  
Expedient<sup>1</sup> manage must be made, my liege,

---

<sup>1</sup> *Expeditious.*

Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,  
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

*K. Ri.* We will ourself in person to this war:  
And, for<sup>1</sup> our coffers,—with too great a court,  
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are  
rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter BUSHY.*

Bushy, what news?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my  
lord;

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

*K. Ri.* Where lies he?

*Bushy.* At Ely-house.

*K. Ri.* Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's  
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats

---

<sup>1</sup> Because.

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*London. A room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a couch*; the DUKE OF YORK, and others  
*standing by him.*

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe  
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your  
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but, they say, the tongues of dying  
men

Enforce attention like deep harmony.

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in  
vain;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in  
pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more,

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to  
glose :<sup>1</sup>

---

Flatter.

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past :  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering  
sounds,

As, praises of his state: then, there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen ;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there 's no respect how vile)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.<sup>1</sup>  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose :  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou  
lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspired  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :—  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves :  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms  
short ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Where the will rebels against the dictates of the understanding.

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder ;  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
Against infestation,<sup>1</sup> and the hand of war ;  
This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng  
land,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
(For Christian service, and true chivalry)  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;—  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it)  
Like to a tenement or pelting<sup>2</sup> farm.  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

---

<sup>1</sup> Assault.<sup>2</sup> Paltry.

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds :  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *and* QUEEN ; AUMERLE, BUSHY,  
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his  
youth ;

For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Launcaster ?

*K. Ri.* What comfort, man ? How is 't with aged  
Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt<sup>1</sup> in being old.

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd :

Watching breeds leanness ; leanness is all gaunt.

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast ; I mean—my children's looks ;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

---

<sup>1</sup> Lean, thin.

*K. Ri.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself.  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*K. Ri.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living flatter those that die.

*K. Ri.* Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt.* O, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*K. Ri.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, encaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons.

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;



Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease :  
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :  
Thy state of law is bond slave to the law ;<sup>1</sup>  
And thou——

*K. Ri.* ——a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Darest with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,  
With fury, from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son.  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's  
son,

For that I was his father Edward's son :  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused.  
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.

---

<sup>1</sup> ' Thy legal state is subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary farm that has been let on lease.'—Malone.

Join with the present sickness that I have ;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be !  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
Love they to live, that love and honor have.

*[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]*

*K. Ri.* And let them die, that age and sullens  
have ;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his  
words

To wayward sickliness and age in him.

He loves you, on my life ; and holds you dear

As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

*K. Ri.* Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love,  
so his ;

As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. Ri.* What says he ?

*North.* Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt  
so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Ri.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,<sup>1</sup>  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they, hath privilege to live :<sup>2</sup>  
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance, we do seise to us  
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Ah, how  
long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first.  
In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours :<sup>3</sup>  
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,

---

<sup>1</sup> Light-armed foot soldiers.

<sup>2</sup> Ireland is said to be exempt from venomous reptiles.

<sup>3</sup> When he was of thy age.

And not against his friends : his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

*K. Ri.* Why, uncle, what 's the matter ?

*York.*

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I pleased  
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
Seek you to seise, and gripe into your hands,  
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?  
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?  
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
His charters and his customary rights ;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;  
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,  
But by fair sequence and succession ?  
Now afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)  
If you do wrongfully seise Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patents that he hath  
By his attornies-general to sue  
His livery,<sup>1</sup> and deny his offer'd homage,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. to claim possession of his estate : a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures.

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Ri.* Think what you will; we scise into our  
hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while.\* My liege, fare-  
well.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

*K. Ri.* Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire  
straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,  
To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;  
And we create, in absence of ourself,  
Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
For he is just, and always loved us well.

Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part:  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*florish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and  
Bagot.*

*North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is  
dead.

*Ross.* And living too; for now his son is duke.

*Wil.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with  
silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er  
speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

*Wil.* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the duke  
of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man:

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good, to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such  
wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd<sup>1</sup> with grievous  
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he  
fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Wil.* And daily new exactions are devised;  
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

---

<sup>1</sup> Pillaged.

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he  
hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achieved with blows.  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Ross.* The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in  
farm.

*Wil.* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken  
man.

*North.* Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over  
him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman: most degenerate  
king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.<sup>1</sup>

*Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must  
suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so; even through the hollow eyes of  
death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say

---

<sup>1</sup> Perish by confidence in our security.

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Wil.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland.  
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

*North.* Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Britany, received intelligence,  
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,  
The son of Richard earl of Arundel,  
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,  
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,  
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis  
Quoint;—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,  
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,<sup>1</sup>  
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:  
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay  
The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out<sup>2</sup> our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurgh:

---

<sup>1</sup> Expedition.

<sup>2</sup> Supply with new feathers.



But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay, and be secret; and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them  
that fear.

*Wil.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be  
there. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad.  
You promised, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did; to please my-  
self,

I cannot do it: yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty  
shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing intire to many objects

Like perspectives,<sup>1</sup> which, rightly gazed upon,  
Show nothing but confusion ; eyed awry,  
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more 's  
not seen ;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me, it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,  
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious  
lady.

*Queen.* 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived  
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so ;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;  
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what  
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Pictures.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty!—and well met,  
gentlemen.—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope,  
he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:  
'Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retired<sup>1</sup>  
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived  
At Ravenspurgh.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green.* O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is  
worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry  
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-  
berland,

And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

*Green.* We have; whereon the earl of Worcester  
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

---

<sup>1</sup> Drawn back.



*Enter* SERVANT.

*Ser.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—

Hold, take my ring.

*Ser.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :  
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave?

*Ser.* An hour before I came, the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!  
I know not what to do:—I would to God,  
(So my untruth<sup>1</sup> had not provoked him to it)  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.  
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?  
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon  
me.—  
Go, fellow, [*to the Servant.*] get thee home; provide some carts,

---

<sup>1</sup> Disloyalty.

And bring away the armour that is there.

[*Exit Servant*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know  
How, or which way, to order these affairs,  
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,  
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—  
The one 's my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend; the other again,  
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;  
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your  
men,

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit.—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to  
Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,

Proportionable to the enemy,

Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love,

Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering commons: for  
their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally con-  
demn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol  
castle ;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
Will the hateful commons perform for us ;  
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.  
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That's as York thrives to beat back  
Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

*Bushy.* Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and  
ever.

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with  
Forces.*

*Bol.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,  
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But, I bethink me, what a weary way  
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled  
The tediousness and process of my travel .  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess :  
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords  
Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath  
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Bol.* Of much less value is my company,  
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.---  
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Per.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his  
health of you.

*North.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Per.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the  
court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed  
The household of the king.



*North.* What was his reason?

He was not so resolved, when last we spake together.

*Per.* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg, To offer service to the duke of Hereford; And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover What power the duke of York had levied there; Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

*North.* Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

*Per.* No, my good lord; for that is not forgot, Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowlege, I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

*Per.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm To more approved service and desert.

*Bol.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure, I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in a soul remembering my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense. My heart this covenant makes; my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to Berkley? And what stir Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

*Per.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :  
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-  
mour ;

None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter* ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

*North.* Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-  
loughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Bol.* Welcome, my lords : I wot,<sup>1</sup> your love pur-  
sues

A banish'd traitor. All my treasury  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your iove and labor's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble  
lord.

*Wil.* And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

*Bol.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the  
poor ;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

*Enter* BERKLEY.

*North.* It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

*Berk.* My lord of Hereford, my message is to  
you.

*Bol.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Know.

And I am come to seek that name in England :  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berk.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my  
meaning,

To raise one title of your honor out.  
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,<sup>1</sup>  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Bol.* I shall not need transport my words by you ;  
Here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle !  
[*kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy  
knee.

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Bol.* My gracious uncle !—

*York.* Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :  
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
But then more why ;—why have they dared to  
march

---

<sup>1</sup> Time of the king's absence.

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;  
Fighting her pale-faced villages with war,  
And ostentation of despised arms ?  
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence ?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;—  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault !

*Bol.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault :  
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason.  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

*Bol.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent <sup>1</sup> eye :  
You are my father ; for, methinks, in you  
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties

---

<sup>1</sup> Impartial.

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs,<sup>1</sup> and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,<sup>2</sup>  
And yet my letters patent give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble duke hath been too much  
abused.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon<sup>3</sup> to do him right.

*Wil.* Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you  
this;—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labor'd all I could to do him right:  
But in this kind to come; in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

---

<sup>1</sup> The persons who wrong him.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. to claim possession of my estate.  
It 's your interest.

To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;  
And you, that do abet him in this kind,  
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.* The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is  
But for his own ; and, for the right of that,  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;  
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Bol.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept.  
But we must win your grace, to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which, they say, is held  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be, I will go with you :—but yet  
I'll pause ;  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are.  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*A camp in Wales.*

*Enter SALISBURY and a CAPTAIN.*

*Cap.* My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;—  
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy;  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—  
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit*

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*





Till you did make him misinterpret me,——  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark'd my parks,<sup>1</sup> and fell'd my forest woods ;  
    Torn my own windows torn my household coat,<sup>2</sup>  
    Washed out my impress,<sup>3</sup> leaving me no sign,—  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
To show the world I am a gentleman.  
This, and much more, much more than twice all  
    this,  
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd  
    over  
To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to  
    me,  
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

*Green.* My comfort is,—that Heaven will take  
    our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Bol.* My lord Northumberland, see them des-  
    patch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with prisoner.*]  
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house :  
For Heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated.  
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends : <sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Laid open my enclosures.

<sup>2</sup> Of arms.

<sup>3</sup> Device or motto.

<sup>4</sup> Commendations.

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large.

*Bol.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awhile to work, and, after, holyday. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*The coast of Wales ; a castle in view.*

*Florish : drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,  
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

*K. Ri.* Barkloughly castle call they this at hand ?

*Au.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the  
air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

*K. Ri.* Needs must I like it well : I weep for  
joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favor with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

*Car.* Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that made  
you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,  
And not neglected ; else, if Heaven would,  
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse ;  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Au.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

*K. Ri.* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,  
That, when the searching eye of Heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage bloody here ;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall ; for Heaven still guards the  
right.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

Welcome, my lord ! How far off lies your power ?

*Sal.* Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious  
lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;





Hampton del.

RICHARD 2<sup>nd</sup>  
 From Richard, Aumerle Salubury Soldiers 6.  
 Act 4 Scene 1

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

*Au.* Comfort, my liege. Why looks your grace  
so pale?

*K. Ri.* But now, the blood of twenty thousand  
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:  
And, till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Au.* Comfort, my liege: remember who you are.

*K. Ri.* I had forgot myself. Am I not king?  
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
Ye favorites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who  
comes here?

*Enter SCROOP.*

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my  
liege,

Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

*K. Ri.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?





I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed,  
my lord.

*K. Ri.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Again uncure their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom you  
curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

*Au.* Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire  
dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their  
heads.

*Au.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K. Ri.* No matter where; of comfort no man  
speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;

And yet not so;—for what can we bequeathe,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's.  
And nothing can we call our own, but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;—  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd:—for within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,  
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends. Subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their  
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight;  
And fight and die, is death destroying death;  
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

*Au.* My father hath a power; inquire of him;  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

*K. Ri.* Thou chidest me well. Proud Boling-  
broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is overblown;

An easy task it is, to win our own.

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge, by the complexion of the sky,

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

*K. Ri.* Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[to Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go  
To ear<sup>1</sup> the land that hath some hope to grow ;  
For I have none. Let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*An.* My liege, one word.

*K. Ri.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
Discharge my followers ; let them hence. Away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Wales. A plain before Flint castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, BOLINGBROKE and  
Forces ; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

*Bol.* So that by this intelligence we learn,  
The Welshmen are dispersed ; and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,  
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

*North.* The news is very fair and good, my  
lord :

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the lord Northumberland  
To say—king Richard.—Alack the heavy day,  
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

---

<sup>1</sup> Plough.

*North.* Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head,<sup>1</sup> your whole head's length.

*Bol.* Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, farther than you  
should,

Lest you mistake. The heavens are o'er your  
head.

*Bol.* I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

*Per.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Bol.* Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

*Per.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:  
And with him are lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

*North.* Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

---

<sup>1</sup> For taking undue liberties.

*Bol.* Noble lord,

[*to North.*

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :—  
Harry Bolingbroke  
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand ;  
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,  
To his most royal person ; hither come  
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
And lands restored again, be freely granted :  
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen ,  
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-  
broke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,  
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
Go, signify as much, while here we march  
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[*Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
That from the castle's totter'd battlements  
Our fair appointments may be well perused.  
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.  
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Florish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD. the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.  
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*K. Ri.* We are amazed; and thus long have we  
stood  
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
[to Northumberland.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God,  
'That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think, that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;——  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is)  
That every stride he makes upon my land,  
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;  
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace  
To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

*North.* The King of Heaven forbid, our lord the  
king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,  
And by the honorable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones ;  
And by the royalties of both your bloods  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;  
And by the worth and honor of himself,



Comprising all that may be sworn or said;—  
His coming hither hath no farther scope  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds<sup>1</sup> to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

*K. Ri.* Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.<sup>2</sup>  
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

[to *Aumerle*.]

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

*Au.* No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*K. Ri.* O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,

---

<sup>1</sup> Steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner.

<sup>2</sup> Commendations.

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth !<sup>1</sup> O, that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !  
Or that I could forget what I have been !  
Or not remember what I must be now !  
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to  
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Au.* Northumberland comes back from Boling-  
broke.

*K. Ri.* What must the king do now ? Must he  
submit ?

The king shall do it. Must he be deposed ?  
The king shall be contented. Must he lose  
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage ;  
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown ;  
My figured goblets for a dish of wood ;  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff ;  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints ;  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave : —  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
I lay hourly trample on their sovereign's head :  
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Softness.

And, buried once, why not upon my head?  
Aumerle, thou weep'st. My tender-hearted cousin!  
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—‘There lies  
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping  
eyes?’

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,  
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
You make a leg,<sup>1</sup> and Bolingbroke says—Ay.

*North.* My lord, in the base<sup>2</sup> court he doth  
attend

To speak with you: may't please you to come  
down?

*K. Ri.* Down, down, I come; like glistering  
Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Boling.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow  
base,

---

<sup>1</sup> A bow.

<sup>2</sup> Lower.

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.  
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!  
down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should  
sing. *[Exeunt, from above.]*

*Bol.* What says his majesty?

*North.* Sorrow and grief of heart  
Makes him speak fondly,<sup>1</sup> like a frantic man;  
Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.*

*Bol.* Stand all apart,  
And show fair duty to his majesty.——  
My gracious lord,— *[kneeling.]*

*K. Ri.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely  
knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.  
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,  
Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, *[touching his own head.]* although  
your knee be low.

*Bol.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*K. Ri.* Your own is yours, and I am yours,  
and all.

*Bol.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

---

<sup>1</sup> Foolishly.

*K. Ri.* Well you deserve. They well deserve to have,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.  
Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;  
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;  
For do we must, what force will have us do.  
Set on towards London :—cousin, is it so ?

*Bol.* Yea, my good lord.

*K. Ri.* Then I must not say—No.  
[*florish.* *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Langley.* The duke of York's garden.

*Enter* QUEEN and TWO LADIES.

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :  
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy ?

*1 Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :  
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

*1 Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

*Queen.* 'Tis well, that thou hast cause ;  
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou  
weep.

*1 Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you  
good.

*Queen.* And I could weep, would weeping do me  
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.  
But stay, here come the gardeners :  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

*Enter GARDENER and TWO SERVANTS.*

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

*Gar.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*1 Ser.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,<sup>1</sup>  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate;  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots<sup>2</sup> disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gar.* Hold thy peace:—  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
'The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did  
shelter,  
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*1 Ser.* What are they dead?

*Gar.* They are; and Bolingbroke  
Hath seised the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,  
'That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,

---

<sup>1</sup> An enclosure.

<sup>2</sup> Figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other.

As we this garden ! We, at time of year,  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself.  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Ser.* What, think you then, the king shall be  
deposed ?

*Gar.* Depress'd he is already, and deposed,  
'Tis doubt, he will be. Letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of  
speaking !

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
*[coming from her concealment.]*

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this un-  
pleasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man ?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is deposed ?  
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how  
Camest thou by these ill tidings ? Speak, thou  
wretch !

*Gar.* Pardon me, madam : little joy have I  
To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.



King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd.  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of  
foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
I would, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

*[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]*

*Gar.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no  
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth,<sup>1</sup> here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. *[Exeunt.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Pity.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*London. Westminster Hall.*

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne, the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter* BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTH-UMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* LORD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and Attendants. Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

*Bol.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless<sup>1</sup> end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

*Bol.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that  
man.

*Bagot.* My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring  
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—‘Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?’

---

<sup>1</sup> Untimely.

Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,  
'Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;  
Adding withal, how bless'd this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.

*Au.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man ?  
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?  
Either I must, or have mine honor soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,  
In thy heart blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*Bol.* Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.

*Au.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valor stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.  
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Au.* Thou dar'est not, coward, live to see that  
day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Au.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Per.* Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is as true,  
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing: seise it, if thou darest.

*Au.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be hollaed in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun. There is my honor's pawn.  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Au.* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Sur.* My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitz.* 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  
And you can witness with me, this is true.

*Sur.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitz.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Sur.* Dishonorable boy!  
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,  
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.  
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn :  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,  
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.—  
As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.  
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
'That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Au.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage  
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,  
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honor.

*Bol.* These differences shall all rest under gage.  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,  
And, though mine enemy, restored again  
To all his land and signories : when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

*Car.* That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. where I have just begun to be an actor.

Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :  
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself  
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

*Bol.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Car.* As sure as I live, my lord.

*Bol.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
bosom

Of good old Abraham ! Lords, appellants,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage,  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand.  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth.

*Bol.* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Car.* Marry, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God, that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ; then true nobless<sup>1</sup> would

---

<sup>1</sup> Nobleness.

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king.  
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
O, if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the wofullest division prove,  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so:  
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—Woe!

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here.—

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge

To keep him safely till his day of trial.

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

*Bol.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed  
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*]

*Bol.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—  
Little are we beholden to your love, [*to Carlisle.*]  
And little look for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers  
bearing the crown, &c.*

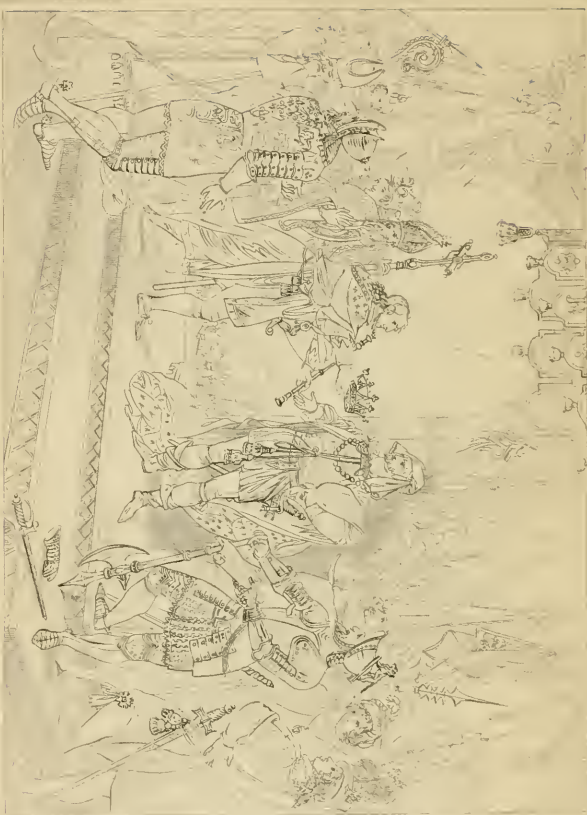
*K. Ri.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:—  
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favours<sup>1</sup> of these men. Were they not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?  
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,

---

<sup>1</sup> Countenance.







WPA del

RICHARD III  
King Richard, Boilingbrook  
1475

511

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.

God save the king! although I be not he:

And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.

To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York.* To do that office, of thine own good will,  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;—  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.

*K. Ri.* Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize  
the crown;

On this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes<sup>1</sup> two buckets filling one another:

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water.

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

Drinking my griefs; whilst you mount up on high.

*Bol.* I thought, you had been willing to resign.

*K. Ri.* My crown, I am; but still my griefs are  
mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

*Bol.* Part of your cares you give me with your  
crown.

*K. Ri.* Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares  
down.

---

<sup>1</sup> OWNS.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done ;  
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won.  
The cares I give, I have, though given away :  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Bol.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*K. Ri.* Ay, no ;—no, ay, —for I must nothing  
be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
Now mark me, how I will undo myself :—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart :  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,<sup>1</sup>  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duty's rites :  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.  
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !  
God keep all vows unbroke, that swear to thee !  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved ;  
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !  
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days !—  
What more remains ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Oil of consecration.

*North.*

No more, but that you read  
[*offering a paper.*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the state and profit of this land;  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

*K. Ri.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven:  
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon,  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*K. Ri.* Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see:  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,  
But they can see a sort<sup>1</sup> of traitors here.  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pack.

I find myself a traitor with the rest :  
For I have given here my soul's consent,  
To undeck the pompous body of a king ;  
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Ri.* No lord of thine, thou haught,<sup>1</sup> insulting  
man,

Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—  
No, not that name was given me at the font ;—  
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,  
'That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself !  
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water drops !  
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly  
good)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight ;  
'That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his<sup>2</sup> majesty.

*Bol.* Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*North.* Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth  
come.

*K. Ri.* Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to  
hell.

---

<sup>1</sup> Haughty.

<sup>2</sup> Its.

*Bol.* Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*K. Ri.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

*Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,  
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glory is the face;

*[dashes the glass against the ground]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport;—  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

*Bol.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Ri.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lamen.

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;  
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only givest  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.  
Shall I obtain it?

*Bol.* Name it, fair cousin.

*K. Ri.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;  
For, when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Bol.* Yet ask.

*K. Ri.* And shall I have?

*Bol.* You shall.

*K. Ri.* Then give me leave to go.

*Bol.* Whither?

*K. Ri.* Whither you will, so I were from your  
sights.

*Bol.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*K. Ri.* O, good! Convey?—Conveyers<sup>1</sup> are you  
all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

*Bol.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

---

<sup>1</sup> Jugglers, robbers.



Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

*Abbot.* A woful pageant have we here beheld.

*Car.* The woe's to come : the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Au.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot ?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury<sup>1</sup> mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see, your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper : I will lay

A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*London.* A street leading to the Tower.

*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come ; ~~this~~ is the way

---

<sup>1</sup> Conceal.

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,<sup>1</sup>  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither. Yet look up; behold;  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
Thou map of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,  
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodged in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Ri.* Join not with grief; fair woman, do not  
so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awaked, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house.  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Tower of London, said to have been constructed by Julius Cæsar.

*Queen.* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke  
Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly; kiss the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion, and the king of beasts?

*K. Ri.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but  
beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for  
France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou takest,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales  
Of woful ages, long ago betid;<sup>1</sup>  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit<sup>2</sup> their griefs,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
For why, the senseless brands will sympathise  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

---

<sup>1</sup> Happened.

<sup>2</sup> Requited.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

*North.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed ;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower :  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you :  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

*K. Ri.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all ;  
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the  
way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urged, another way  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;  
That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,  
To worthy danger and deserved death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, and there an  
end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

*K. Ri.* Doubly divorced ? Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.  
Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the cime ;  
My wife to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas,<sup>1</sup> or short'st of day.

*Queen.* And must we be divided ? must we part ?

*K. Ri.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*North.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

*K. Ri.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;  
Better far off, than, near, be ne'er the near.<sup>2</sup>  
Go, count thy way with sighs ; I, mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest  
moans.

*K. Ri.* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way  
being short,  
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.  
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :  
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*they kiss.*

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good  
part,  
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*kiss again.*

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. All Saints Day, November 1st.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. make no advance towards the good desired.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

*K. Ri.* We make woe wanton with this fond  
delay.

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A room in the duke of York's palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* My lord, you told me, you would tell the  
rest,

When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duch.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows'  
tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-  
broke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

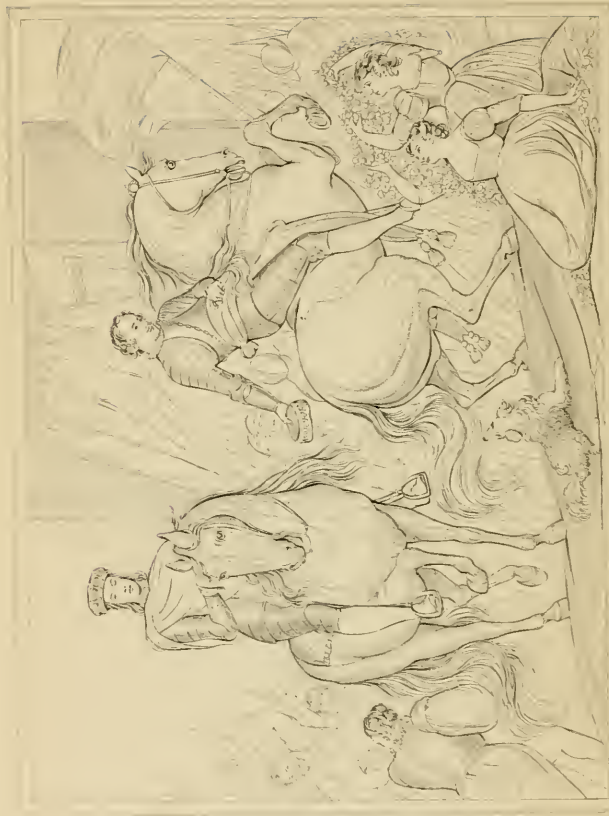
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,

While all tongues cried—'God save thee, Boling-  
broke!'

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
'Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,





Starling

DE RICHARD 2<sup>nd</sup>  
Richard, King of England, &c.

1000



With painted imagery,<sup>1</sup> had said at once,—  
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'—  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus;—'I thank you, countrymen:'  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the  
while?

*York.* As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save  
him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience;—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But Heaven hath a hand in these events;  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

---

<sup>1</sup> Painted tapestry affixed to the walls.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duch.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was,  
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Duch.* Welcome, my son. Who are the violets  
now,

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

*Au.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.  
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of  
time,  
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford ? hold those justs<sup>1</sup> and  
triumphs ?

*Au.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Au.* If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs without thy  
bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

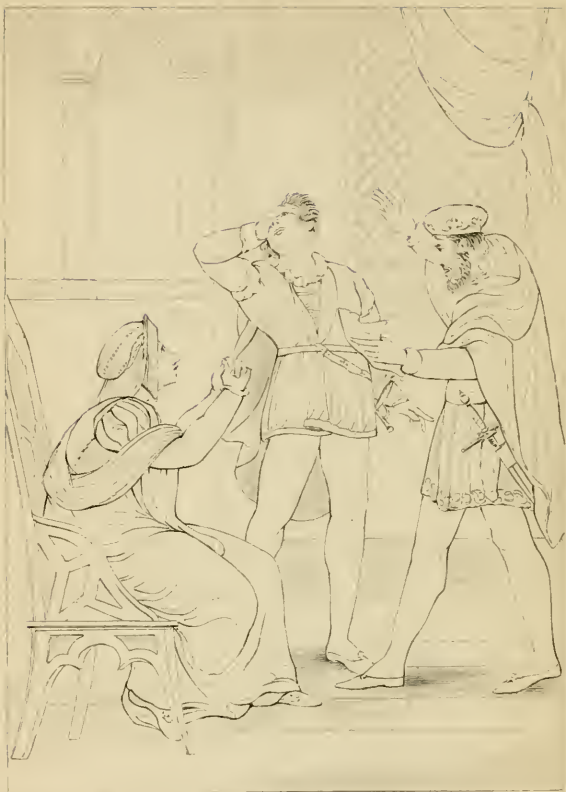
*Au.* My lord, 'tis nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it.  
I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tilts and tournaments.





Painted by

Stirling St.

RICHARD 2<sup>nd</sup>  
*Duke & Duchess of York & Anne*  
*Act V Scene II*

*Au.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me.  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which, for some reasons, sir, I mean to  
see.

I fear, I fear,——

*Duch.* What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a  
bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Au.* I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not  
show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

*Duch.* What is the matter, my lord?

*York.* Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a Ser-  
vant.*] Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

*Duch.* Why, what is it, my lord?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say; saddle my  
horse:—

Now by mine honor, by my life, by my troth,  
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Duch.* What's the matter?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman.

*Duch.* I will not peace.—What is the matter  
son?

*Au.* Good mother, be content; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Duch.* Thy life answer!

*Re-enter Servant, with boots.*

*York.* Bring me my boots; I will unto the king.

*Duch.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art  
amazed.

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.

*[to the Servant.]*

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duch.* He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

*York.* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times  
my son,

I would appeach him.

*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thou wouldest be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :  
He is as like thee as a man may be ;  
Not like to me, or any of my kin ;  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

*Duch.* After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his  
horse ;

Spur, post, and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old.  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York ;  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away ; be  
gone. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Windsor.* A room in the castle.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as king ; PERCY, and other  
Lords.*

*Bol.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?  
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last.  
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.  
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.  
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there ;  
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained, loose companions ;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,  
Takes, on the point of honor, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the  
prince;  
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Bol.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the  
stews,  
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favor; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Bol.* As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both  
I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*Enter AUMERLE, hastily.*

*Au.* Where is the king?

*Bol.* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Au.* God save your grace. I do beseech your  
majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Bol.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here  
alone. [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]  
What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Au.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,  
[*kneels.*]



My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak.

*Bol.* Intended or committed was this fault?  
If on the first, how heinous ere it be,  
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

*Au.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Bol.* Have thy desire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*]

*York.* [*within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*Bol.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*drawing.*]

*Au.* Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no  
cause to fear.

*York.* [*within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy  
king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*]

*Enter YORK.*

*Bol.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt  
know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Au.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.  
I do repent me; read not my name there.  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king :  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Bol.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !  
O loyal father of a treacherous son !  
Thou sheer,<sup>1</sup> immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defiled himself !  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing<sup>2</sup> son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;  
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,  
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.  
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duch.* [*within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake, let me in.

*Bol.* What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry ?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king :  
'tis I.

---

<sup>1</sup> Transparent.

<sup>2</sup> Transgressing.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :  
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

*Bol.* Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,  
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'<sup>1</sup>—  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.  
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;  
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

*Duch.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted  
man :

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou  
make<sup>2</sup> here ?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

*Duch.* Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle  
liege. [*kneels.*]

*Bol.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy.  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

---

<sup>1</sup> An old ballad, so called.

<sup>2</sup> Do.

*Au.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.  
[*kneels.*

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended  
be. [kneels.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face:  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our  
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false lypocrisy;  
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

*Bol.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;  
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say, Pardon, king; let pity teach thee how.  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet:  
No word like, Pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez*  
*moy.*<sup>1</sup>

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

---

<sup>1</sup> Excuse me.

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That set'st the word itself against the word!—  
Speak, Pardon, as 'tis current in our land:  
The chopping French we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,  
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;  
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

*Bol.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand;  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Bol.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;  
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.

*Bol.* With all my heart  
I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*Bol.* But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and the  
abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.  
They shall not live within this world, I swear;  
But I will have them, if I once know where.  
Uncle, farewell;—and cousin too, adieu:  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Duch.* Come, my old son;—I pray God, make  
thee new. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* EXTON *and* SERVANT.

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king, what Words  
he spake?

‘Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?’  
Was it not so?

*Ser.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* ‘Have I no friend?’ quoth he: he spake  
it twice,

And urged it twice together; did he not?

*Ser.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistfully look’d on  
me;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go;  
I am the king’s friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Pomfret. The dungeon of the castle.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

*K. Ri.* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world:  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it;—yet I’ll hammer it out.  
My brain I’ll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father ; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,<sup>1</sup>  
In humors, like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. 'The better sort,—  
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the Word :  
As thus, 'Come, little ones :' and then again,—  
'It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the postern<sup>2</sup> of a needle's eye.'  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,—  
'That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—  
That many have, and others must sit there :  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endured the like.  
Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented. Sometimes am I king :  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar.  
And so I am : then crushing penury

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. my own frame.

<sup>2</sup> Narrow entrance.

Persuades me I was better when a king,  
Then am I king'd again; and, by and by,  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased  
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*music.*  
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives.  
And here have I the daintiness of ear,  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But, for the concord of my state and time,  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:  
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward  
watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,  
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me; let it sound no more;

---

<sup>1</sup> Striking for him, like an automaton.



For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,  
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch<sup>1</sup> in this all-hating world.

*Enter GROOM.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

*K. Ri.* Thanks, noble peer;  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king.  
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards  
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes<sup>2</sup> royal master's face.  
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets, that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;  
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

*K. Ri.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle  
friend,  
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

---

<sup>1</sup> As uncommon as a brooch; which is no longer in fashion.

<sup>2</sup> Former.

*K. Ri.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,  
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter KEEPER with a dish.*

*Keep.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

*[to the Groom.]*

*K. Ri.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

*[Exit.]*

*Keep.* My lord, will't please you to fall to?

*K. Ri.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keep.* My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*K. Ri.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*[beats the Keeper.]*

*Keep.* Help, help, help!

*Enter* EXTON *and Servants, armed.*

**K. Ri.** How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

*[snatching a weapon, and killing one.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[he kills another; then Exton strikes him down.]*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce  
hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own  
land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*[dies.]*

*Exton.* As full of valor as of roval blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE VI.

*Windsor. A room in the castle.*

*Florish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and YORK, with Lords  
and Attendants.*

**Bol.** Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,  
Is—that the rebels have consumed with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

*North.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*presenting a paper.*]

*Bol.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitz.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to  
London

The heads of Brocas and sir Bennet Seely;  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Bol.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot.  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.*

*Per.* The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

*Bol.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend  
room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life :  
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :  
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

*Enter* EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

*Bol.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast  
wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I  
this deed.

*Bol.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor ;  
But neither my good word, nor princely favor :  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light.  
*Lords.* I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent :<sup>1</sup>  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

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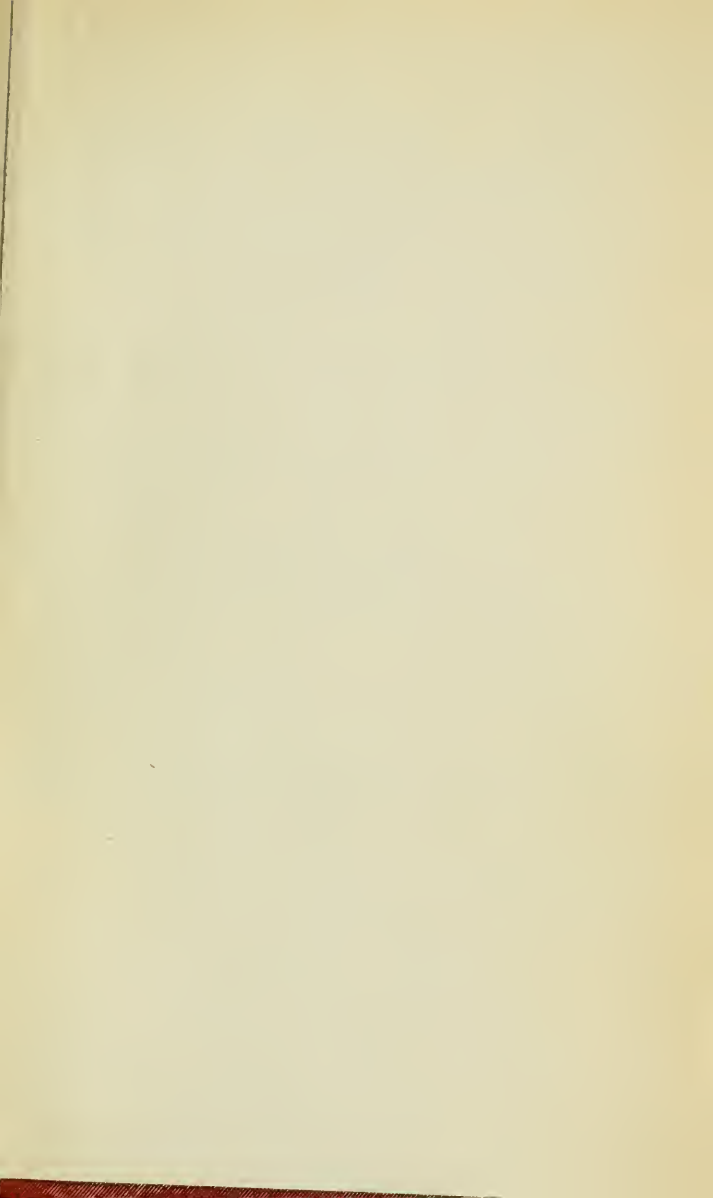
<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

END OF VOL. VI.











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